THE FOUR CORNERS

1945

Mrs Lilbey

Four Corners
1945

Table of Contents

Dedication 3

Faculty 4

Editorial Board 5

Editorials 6

Senior Periscope 9

"1945 In Uniform" 18

School Notes 19

"In the Service of Our Country" 27

"In Memoriam" 29

Graduation Program of 1944 32

Alumni Awards 33

"Senior Reflections" 35

Jokes 40

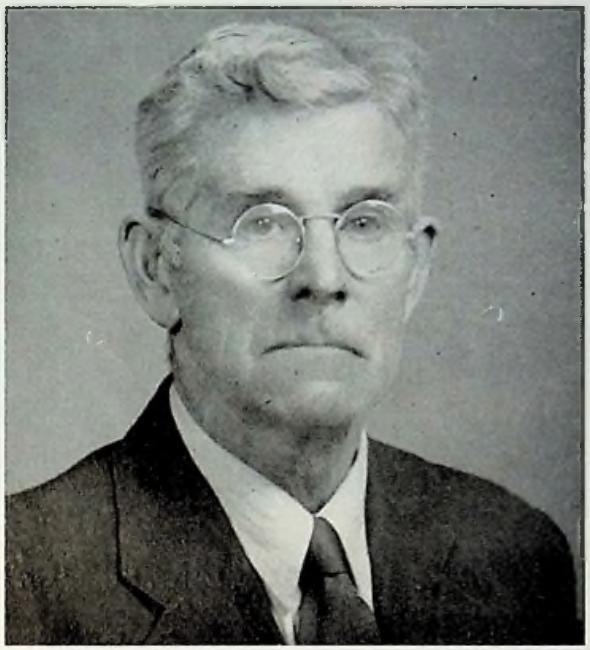
Athletics 44

Exchanges 34

Literary 20

"Poets' Corner" 57

Advertisements 60



CHARLES P. BOWLEY

To you, our Friend, we dedicate this work of ours,
And pause awhile before the lesson of your life:
You ever move in quiet service through our halls,
Performing humble tasks with dignity and pride.
And thus we learn from you the lesson of routine;
That all the vaulted domes of man's ideal and dreams
Can only rise secure upon a solid base
Of jobs performed in punctual, never-ending round.
We shall remember through the years with fervent warmth
Your ways of kindliness and faithful care,
Your loyal interest in our problems and our joys,
And we shall softly whisper then, as now, "Our Friend."

FACULTY
Seated: Miss Ferguson, Mrs. Lary, Mrs. Libbey, Mrs. Baker, Miss Moran.
Standing: Mr. Bessey, Mr. Hallett, Mr. Libby.

FACULTY

Principal, Elwood G. Bessey, A. M.
Mathematics

Sub-master, Gerald C. Hallett,
B. S. I. E.
Manual Training, Shop Mathematics,
Radio, and Physical Education

Frances B. Libbey, A. B.
Latin, History

Marguerite R. Lary, A. M.
English, Dramatics

Dwight L. Libby, A. B.
Mathematics, Science

Anne E. Ferguson, B. S.
English, Spanish

Dorothy B. Moran, A. B.
French, Social Science, Physical
Education, and Business
Training

Doris H. Baker, B. S.
Home Economics

EDITORIAL BOARD

First Row: G. Googins, '45; J. Cunningham, '46; V. Henderson, '45; L. Nichols, '46; M. Dodge, '45; F. Leary, '45; M. Milliken, '46; H. Davis, '45.
Second Row: E. Frederick, '45; H. Walker, '45; C. Sherwood, '45; M. Blackington, '45; M. Winslow, '45; L. Tokarski, '46; M. Willey, '45; C. Bornheimer, '45.
Third Row: M. Urquhart, '45; R. Gott, '45; J. Lorfano, '45; C. Titus, '45; R. Murphy, '45; K. Skillings, '46; T. Browne, '46; D. Walker, '45.

EDITORIAL BOARD

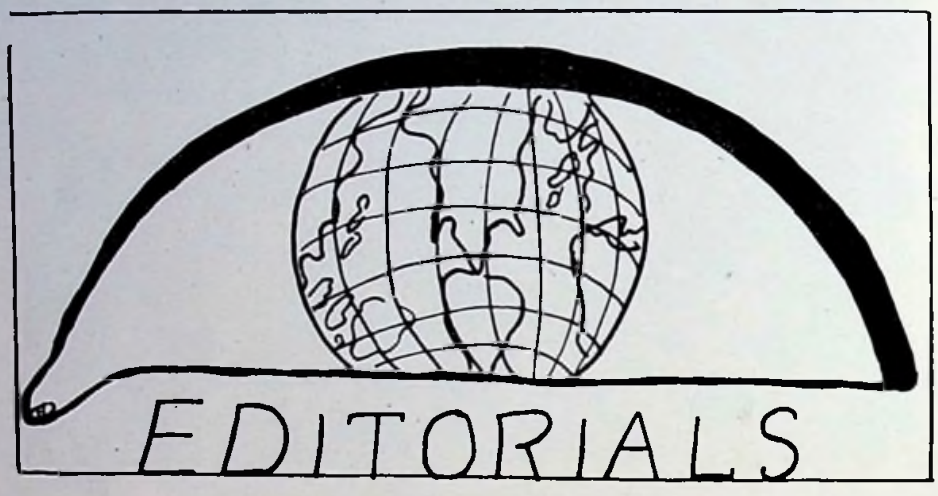
Editor-in-Chief
MARION G. DODGE, '45
Assistant Editor
LYLA NICHOLS, '46
School Activities
CHARLENE F. BORNHEIMER, '45
MARILYN G. WILLEY, '45
Senior Periscope
MARJORIE D. URQUHART, '45
RONALD MURPHY, '45
Service Men's Section
CHARLES O. TITUS, JR., '45
ELAINE L. FREDERICK, '45
CHARLENE SHERWOOD, '45
Literary Editors
VIRGINIA HENDERSON, '45
LAURA TOKARSKI, '46
Athletics
JOSEPH LORFANO, '45
KENNETH SKILLINGS, '46

Exchange Editors
CHARLENE F. BORNHEIMER, '45
MARION MILLIKEN, '46
Joke Editors
HELEN A. WALKER, '45
DAISY M. WALKER, '45
JOAN CUNNINGHAM, '46
Senior Page
MARJORIE WINSLOW, '45
MARYON BLACKINGTON, '45
Art Editors
HELENE DAVIS, '45
FRED H. LEARY, '45
Business Manager
FRED H. LEARY, '45
Associate Business Managers
DONALD LOTHROP, '45
TED BROWNE, '46

THE FOUR CORNERS

SCARBORO HIGH SCHOOL

Number 1 May, 1945 Volume XXXIII



THE SCHOOL WITH A HEART

Scarboro High School is more than an institution of learning; it is a place sacred in the hearts of its students and alumni.

Our school isn't large nor so richly endowed with worldly advantages as many prominent public and private schools in Maine, but we have a deep conviction that there is more living here. With an enrollment this year of approximately 160, every student has an opportunity to hold or to expect to hold office, attain honors, or develop special talents; whereas in larger schools only a few can attain prominence. Besides this major and more obvious advantage which a small school has over a larger one, we in Scarboro High School enjoy many privileges, little things, perhaps, of seemingly small importance but essential in our everyday life together.

Every day at Scarboro starts with a cheery "Good morning" from students and teachers alike as they enter classrooms or pass each other in the halls. Even on the coldest winter mornings we are warmed by seeing and greeting our friends.

The dividing line between classes is relatively unimportant. Seniors do not scorn Freshmen and Sophomores as underclassmen; we like to encourage classes to work together, supporting each other's activities. We like to feel that here we stand ever ready to extend our warm sympathy to each other in times of joy and sorrow alike. Timid Freshmen can always find upperclassmen eager to give courteous and understanding aid in problems of readjustment. We smile at our Freshman tribulations now, but we have not forgotten how very real they were at the time.

We have in our little school a friendly faculty, ever ready to serve and help anyone and everyone. Here there is a genuine emphasis on the development of individual abilities and talents. There are no failures; everyone has a spot in the sun.

WARTIME FINANCE

Under present wartime conditions many young people are earning higher wages than did their parents a decade ago. This in itself is all right if we can maintain a sober attitude toward finance. But when

increased earning is combined with increased spending, it presents a serious economic problem. Anyone who buys lavishly now creates shortages, thus depreciating the value of everyone's earnings; the young person who spends his disproportionately high wages prodigally now is making a grave error in his personal budget. It is all very well to plan the future purchase of many luxuries which increase the joy of living, but now is not the time to acquire them. Experts tell us that after the war there will be a decided drop in demand for labor, resulting in much lower wages for those lucky enough to have jobs. Thus it would be wiser for us, rather than cultivating expensive tastes which certainly we shall not be able to satisfy in less prosperous times, to save for future needs. Those of us who look forward to college or business school may find money saved now, when our earning power is at the highest point we can expect for many years to come, a necessary factor in our educational goal.

ACCELERATION OR APPLICATION?

If we are to advance at the rapid rate which has characterized army training, we must be quicker of mind. The chief fault in modern education is waste of effort. Our lessons are certainly well taught by the teachers and more often than not thoroughly understood by the pupils; but there we allow the matter to rest. Actually no learning is an accomplished fact until we have made it a tool in our educational progress.

In mathematics we are introduced to many short-cut methods of doing our daily figuring. But even now while we are yet in high school we are not prone to use them, partly through failure to recognize parallel situations, and partly through lack of confidence. To illustrate: given the mathematical situation 18 x 22, we invariably set down 18 with 22 under it and proceed by long multiplication. Why not consider it the product of the sum and difference (20—2) (20+2)? Why not convert 37 x 37 into $(30+7)^2$ and proceed by the rule for squaring a binominal? Even more frequent in occurrence are examples which could be simplified by using aliquot parts. To how many of us does 36 x 25 automatically become ¼ of 3600? Teachers can and do create practical situations beyond those recommended by the textbook to encourage students to apply new mathematical skills as they learn them, but even these expedients resolve themselves into little more than an extension of classroom drill. The efficiency of any mathematical short-cut remains at zero until it is put to a practical use.

In English we cover page after page in flawless drill, but at the end of each session we close up our correct speech habits with the very books wherein we learned them. In order to keep before us the correct thing, fascinating drill books in English grammar are published in series from grades one to twelve with amazingly little advancement; these books are thus masterpieces of disguised repetition, because educators tacitly recognize that the efforts of each preceding year are largely wasted. When the time comes that children can master in the primary grades the spelling of such words as *their* and *too,* the correct use of the apostrophe, and other clear-cut, non-disputable, unchanging facts, then indeed will high schools become secondary schools in the teaching of English instead of the advanced grammar schools they now are, where a last effort is made to induce us to incorporate correct habits of speech into everyday usage.

Acceleration of the English program by methods successfully used in army training classes increase the number of new skills and the rapidity with which we can learn them, but no real progress will result unless we apply in practice what we learn in theory. When we feel within ourselves the

importance of clear thinking, expressed through the medium of correct and efficient speech and writing; when we feel within ourselves the urge to improve our own expression as rapidly as we can learn the means of doing so, then only will what we *know* become what we *do*.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

We have observed with keen interest the discussions based on the obligations of the American people to our returning servicemen. We note and applaud the fact that a consideration of their economic security is the basis of all the plans advanced. But we feel a lack in any plan which begins and ends in offering to our returning soldiers merely the economic security they forfeited in going off to fight. We feel that we owe them a debt far more subtle and more deeply rooted in their needs, than a feeling that they will return to a community as nearly as possible the community which they left. After having ploughed through mud and slime, after having experienced fear of death and even the more nauseating fear of cowardice in the face of death; after having seen comrades and dearest chums fall by their side, they have a right to find a community, a country, outwardly the same in its cheery, American way of living, but inwardly sobered by its wounds into a deeper moral and spiritual evaluation of living. We owe our returning soldiers the tribute of having been with them through their fight and felt the intensity with which they forced themselves to believe that all the killing and dying before them was for something which they would find waiting for them back home. We owe them more than vague ideals expressed in high-sounding phrases; we owe them a definite return to the iron-clad, uncompromising moral standards which characterized our forefathers, the founders of America and our American democracy.

In the development of our own character and the formation of ideals in the character-building of any who come under our care, there must be an insistence upon stricter standards of conduct and principle than those which characterized the decades between the two World Wars. We must replace attitudes of selfishness and greed with the will to share and serve. There must be an end to little quarreling and bickering amongst those who should be neighbors and friends; out of all the tragedy of the past decade there must surely have grown up a common understanding and sympathy in every community.

We owe our returning soldiers a more clearly defined interpretation of such words as truth and honor. Any speech or action which is lying, deceptive, or cheating, however cleverly phrased or arrogantly fashioned, should be regarded as un-American and frowned upon as hostile to our common welfare. Our word, once given should have its base in truth and rise and tower as a pledge of our integrity and dependability.

Our soldiers should return to a community which is concerned with problems of their economic and social readjustment; they should return as well to a community that is seeking for itself a larger and more profound philosophy of life, a community closer to God.

Senior Periscope

June Evelyn Barday

"Juny"

Born: June 13, 1925.
Place: Boston, Mass.
Hobby: Reading.
Ambition: Bookkeeper.

"The way to gain a friend is to be one."

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Basketball, 1; 4-H Club, 1.

Shirley Mae Beckwith

Born: March 16, 1927.
Place: Scarboro, Maine.
Hobby: Redheads.
Ambition: To be a success.

"Sugar and spice and all things nice."

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Basketball, 1.

Lee Glover Downs

"Bub"

Born: September 7, 1927.
Place: Biddeford, Maine.
Hobby: Hunting.
Ambition: Railroad career.

"Oft' he rode the B. & M."

Four Corners, 4; Assembly Programs, 3, 4.

Maryon Leona Blackington

Born: February 12, 1927.
Place: Thomaston, Maine.
Hobby: "Charley."
Ambition: Riding instructor.

"Youth comes but once."

Portland High, 1; Glee Club, 3; Four Corners, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Letter, 4; Dancing Class, 4; Riding Club, 3, 4.

Charlene Fogg Bornheimer

"Charlie"

Born: November 9, 1927.
Place: Portland, Maine.
Hobby: Music.
Ambition: To accomplish something worth while.

"Keep a song in your heart."

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Orchestra, 2, 3, 4; Four Corners, 3, 4; Student Council, 3; Senior Drama, 4; One-Act Plays, 3, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Honor Roll, 1, 2, 4.

Robert Russell Gott

"Bob"

Born: August 2, 1927.
Place: Portland, Maine.
Hobby: Going.
Ambition: Engineering.

"A four-year wonder."

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Class Treasurer, 1, 2, 4; 4-H Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Drama, 3; Publicity Manager of Senior Drama, 4; One-Act Plays, 4; Basketball, 4; Track, 3; Letter, 3; Four Corners, 4; Dancing Class, 4; Honor Roll, 3, 4.

Jacqueline Eva Clark

"Jackie"

Born: September 25, 1928.
Place: Westbrook, Maine.
Hobby: Bowling.
Ambition: School teacher.

"Full of laughter; full of fun."

Machias High, 1; Glee Club, 2, 3.

David Warren Knudsen

Born: January 5, 1928.
Place: Portland, Maine.
Hobby: Models.
Ambition: Engineering.

"Son of the Viking Horde."

Portland High, 1; South Portland High, 2; Senior Drama, 4.

Virginia Marguerite Conant

"Ginny"

Born: December 17, 1924.
Place: South Portland, Maine.
Hobby: Acting.
Ambition: WAVES.

"Youth comes only once in a lifetime."

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Cheerleader, 1, 2, 3, 4; Dancing Class, 4; Librarian, 2, 3, 4; Riding Club, 3; Basketball Letter, 4; Cheerleader Letter, 3, 4.

Helene Davis

Born: May 11, 1927.
Place: Scarboro, Maine.
Hobby: Drawing.
Ambition: Art.

"Kindness is virtue itself."

Four Corners, 4; Honor Roll, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Fred Harlow Leary

"Freddie"

Born: April 2, 1927.
Place: Scarboro, Maine.
Hobby: Life; everything in general.
Ambition: To be a successful business man.

"He thrills dejected Sinatra fans."

Class Secretary, 1, 2, 4; President of Riding Club, 3, 4; Student Council, 4; Prize Speaking, 1, 2; One-Act Plays, 3, 4; Senior Drama, 1, 3, 4; 4-H Club, 1, 2; Four Corners, 3, 4.

Marion Gertrude Dodge

Born: April 29, 1928.
Place: Scarboro, Maine.
Hobby: Studying.
Ambition: To maintain the Bates tradition.

"Knowledge is power."

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Class President, 1, 2, 3; Editor-in-Chief of Four Corners, 4; Assistant Editor, 3; Senior Drama, 4; One-Act Plays, 3, 4; Manager of Girls' Basketball Team, 4; Dancing Class, 4; Honor Roll, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball Letter, 4; Valedictorian.

ELAINE LUCILLE FREDERICK

Born: July 17, 1928.
Place: South Portland, Maine.
Hobby: Men.
Ambition: To teach school.
"Like a field of daffodils."
Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Senior Drama, 4.

JOSEPH JAMES LORFANO, JR.

"Joe"

Born: September 7, 1927.
Place: Scarboro, Maine.
Hobby: Hunting.
Ambition: Engineering.
"The world knows little of its greatest men."
Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Class Vice President, 1; Class Secretary, 3; Class President, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Co-Captain, 4; Senior Drama, 3, 4; Honor Roll, 1, 2, 3, 4; FOUR CORNERS, 3, 4; 4-H Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; One-Act Plays, 3, 4; Letter, 3, 4; Track, 3; Salutatorian.

GLORIA JUNE GOOGINS

Born: July 7, 1927.
Place: Scarboro, Maine.
Hobby: Dancing.
Ambition: Telephone operator.
"Good things come in small packages."
Glee Club, 2; FOUR CORNERS, 4; Basketball, 2, 3; Cheerleader, 4; Honor Roll, 3, 4.

DONALD HARLAN LOTHROP

"Don"

Born: November 5, 1927.
Place: Scarboro, Maine.
Hobby: Stamp collecting.
Ambition: Career in aviation.
"Silent as the last Mohican."
Honor Roll, 1; Assembly Programs, 2, 4; FOUR CORNERS, 4.

Virginia Mabel Henderson

"Ginny"

Born: May 30, 1927.
Place: Portland, Maine.
Hobby: Dancing.
Ambition: Stenographer.

"Here's a pretty state of things!"

Portland High, 1; Glee Club, 3; Four Corners, 4; Dancing Class, 4.

Doris Madelyn Jordan

Born: April 13, 1928.
Place: Scarboro, Maine.
Hobby: Dancing.
Ambition: Secretary.

"Clothes do much to make the woman."

Glee Club, 2, 3; Basketball, 2, 3; Honor Roll, 4.

Ronald Charles Murphy, Jr.

"Murph"

Born: August 26, 1926.
Place: Augusta, Maine.
Hobby: Managing.
Ambition: Professor.

"You can't keep a good man down."

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Four Corners, 2, 3, 4; Student Council Vice President, 3; President, 4; Senior Drama, 3, 4; One-Act Plays, 3, 4; Prize Speaking, 2; Dancing Class, 4; Librarian, 1, 2, 3; 4-H Club, 2, 3; Honor Roll, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Mildred Arlene Morse

Born: September 26, 1928.
Place: Scarboro, Maine.
Hobby: Sewing.
Ambition: Secretary.

"Slender, tender, and tall."

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Basketball, 2, 3; Honor Roll, 4.

Lona Marie Plummer

Born: November 26, 1927.
Place: South Portland, Maine.
Hobby: Movies.
"Silence is golden."

Lawrence Edward Nielsen

Born: July 2, 1928.
Place: Scarboro, Maine.
Hobby: Driving.
Ambition: Navy.
"Every Navy man is a right guy."
4-H Club, 1, 2.

Charlene Sherwood

Born: October 29, 1927.
Place: Biddeford, Maine.
Hobby: Writing to a Seabee.
Ambition: To fly.
"There are smiles that make us happy."
Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Four Corners, 4; Senior Drama, 4; Basketball, 1; Manager, 3; Dancing Class, 4; Riding Club, 3, 4.

Royce Freeman O'Donall

Born: February 16, 1927.
Place: Norridgewock, Maine.
Hobby: Aviation.
Ambition: Aviation.
"Of every noble work the silent part is best."
Norridgewock High, 1; Track, 2, 3; Swimming, 4; Letter, 2, 3; Honor Roll, 3; Stage Manager Senior Drama, 4.

Marjorie Doris Urquhart

"Margy"

Born: May 24, 1927.
Place: Portland, Maine.
Hobby: Having fun.
Ambition: Bookkeeper.

"She wandered lonely as a cloud."

Orchestra, 1, 2, 3; Class Vice President, 4; Four Corners, 4; Student Council, 4; Senior Drama, 4; One-Act Plays, 3, 4; Honor Roll, 1, 2, 4; Riding Club, 4; 4-H Club, 1, 2.

Daisy Marguerite Walker

Born: September 2, 1927.
Place: South Portland, Maine.
Hobby: "Bill."
Ambition: Typist.

"She blushes when we present our 'Bill.'"

Glee Club, 2, 3; Four Corners, 4; Student Council, 2, 3; Senior Drama, 4; One-Act Plays, 3, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain, 4; Letter, 3, 4; Dancing Class, 4; Honor Roll, 4.

James Elwood Plowman

"Jim"

Born: May 28, 1927.
Place: Scarboro, Maine.
Hobby: Visiting Dunstan.
Ambition: Success.

"A true Barbarian."

Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Co-Captain, 3, 4; Letter, 3, 4; Track, 3; Letter, 3; Senior Drama, 4; Business Manager of Senior Drama, 4; Dancing Class, 4; 4-H Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Four Corners, 4.

Helen Audrey Walker

Born: June 2, 1926.
Place: South Portland, Maine.
Hobby: Writing to Donald.
Ambition: Beautician.

"Love is a proud and a gentle thing."

Glee Club, 1, 2; Four Corners, 4; Student Council, 1; Basketball, 1, 2, 4; Honor Roll, 1, 2, 4; Riding Club, 4.

Marilyn Gertrude Willey

"Skippy"

Born: June 12, 1928.
Place: Portland, Maine.
Hobby: Music.
Ambition: Dietitian.

"Patience is the best remedy for every trouble."

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Orchestra, 2, 3; Four Corners, 2, 3, 4; Senior Drama, 4; One-Act Plays, 4; Honor Roll, 1, 2, 3, 4; Third Honor Student.

Charles Otis Titus, Jr.

"Charlie"

Born: January 26, 1927.
Place: Augusta, Maine.
Hobby: Woman hater? ? ?
Ambition: Medical career.

"He strolls in when all else are gone."

Class Vice President, 3; Assistant Manager Basketball, 2; Manager, 3; Four Corners, 4; 4-H Club, 2, 3, 4; Basketball Letter, 3; Honor Roll, 3; One-Act Plays, 4; Senior Drama, 3, 4; Dancing Class, 4.

Marjorie Ellen Winslow

"Margie"

Born: October 9, 1927.
Place: Rumford, Maine.
Hobby: Driving.
Ambition: Flying.

"As silent as the day is long."

Four Corners, 4; Basketball, 4; Letter, 4; Honor Roll, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Arthur Stephen Wescott

Born: June 16, 1927.
Place: Portland, Maine.
Hobby: Women.
Ambition: Women.

"A sheepish look, a wolfish intent."

Portland High, 1, 2; Assistant Manager Basketball, 3; Manager and Letter, 4; Senior Drama, 4; Four Corners, 4; Honor Roll, 4; Dancing Class, 4; One-Act Plays, 4.

1945 IN UNIFORM

JOSEPH L. BEIM

EARL N. AHLQUIST

LEON H. PLUMMER

F. EDGAR BRYANT

D. J. CAMPBELL

ROBERT E. COTT

LEON H. AHLQUIST

RICHARD COLLINS

Pvt. Joseph Lawrence Brim, U. S. A.

Entered service in 1943.

Track, 1, 2; Letter, 2; Cross Country, 1, 2; Letter, 2; Assistant Manager, Basketball, 2.

Cross Country here; cross country to Berlin.

Pvt. Earl Norris Ahlquist, U. S. M. C.

Entered service in 1944. Wounded on Iwo Jima.

Track, 3.

Pvt. Leon Howard Plummer, U. S. A.

Entered service in 1943.

Cross Country, 1.

How about bringing back a few Germans for us?

We miss you, but we hope you don't miss those Japs.

Leon Herbert Ahlquist, S 2/c, U. S. N. R.

Entered service in 1944.

Track, 3.

Are all the WAVES as pretty as your sister?

Frank Edgar Bryant, U. S. M. S.

Honorable discharge from U. S. M. C., and enlisted in U. S. M. S. in 1944.

Still on the job for Uncle Sam.

Robert Earle Cott, Sr., S 2/c, U. S. N. R.

Entered service in 1944.

Glee Club, 1, 2; Swimming, 1, 2, 3; Basketball, 2, 3; Letter, 3; Student Council, 1, 2; Class Treasurer, 3.

Our foreign correspondent, but the greatest event was on the home front.

Donald John Campbell, S 2/c, U. S. N. R.

Entered service in 1944.

Basketball, 3; Letter, 3; Track, 3.

The Campbells are coming! Beware!

Richard Frederick Collins, U. S. N. R.

Maritime service, 1944. Enlisted in Naval Reserve, 1945.

"Then here's to the sailor, and here's to the bounding main!"

Joseph Profenno, U. S. M. S.

Entered service in 1944.

Cross Country, 1, 2; Letter, 1; Track, 3; Swimming, 3.

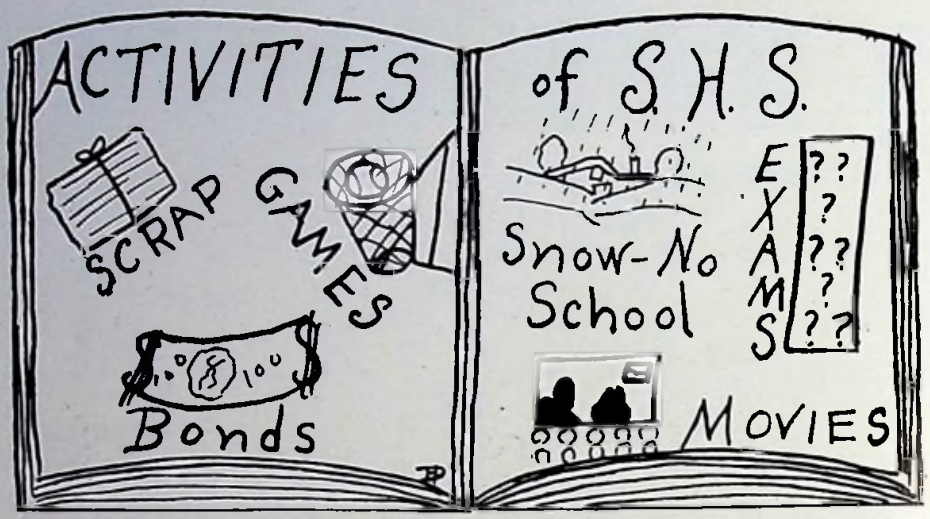
Our silent, but determined son.

Richard Francis Reilly, S 2/c, U. S. N. R.

Entered service in 1943.

Glee Club, 2; Track, 1, 2; Letter, 1, 2; Basketball, 2.

Do you find the Navy the life of Reilly?



Library
Scarboro High School
September 22, 1944

Dear G. I. Joe:

Our letters from now on will have to be notes, school notes. We don't want you to think we have forgotten you in the rush of school activities. Although we may be too busy to write often, we'll keep in touch with you so that you may know what is going on at your Alma Mater. Perhaps you may gain a little vicarious pleasure from our account of the news at S. H. S.

The squirrels have had a very busy season; the nuts have been gathered for fall; one hundred and sixty-five of them are stored at S. H. S. for another thirty-seven weeks. Sixty-one Freshmen rolled in September 12. Now we are fairly well organized. The class elections were completed last Friday, and the student body has chosen the genial Murphy as president of the Student Council with Ken Skillings as vice president.

If you had been here last Monday you would have joined the admiring stag line in the vicinity of Room 7. Miss Bascom's successor, Miss Moran, joined us for her first day at S. H. S.

Today "that man" was here again! "The Woman's Home Companion" has been discharged from the Army. Bobby Sprague started the Curtis Drive with a bang. Our quota is four hundred and forty-eight subscriptions, which reminds us we must sell some!

"Buy" now,
Scarboro High Reporters.

Study Hall
Scarboro High School
October 27, 1944

Dear G. I. Joe:

If you suddenly find our sentences in groups of three, you'll know it is the effect of the one, two, three waltz time. Mrs. Libby organized; Mrs. Blanchard instructed; we jived. Every Tuesday afternoon since September 27, fifteen couples have been trooping to the town hall for dancing lessons. This is one class that's fun for everyone.

I know you will remember Doctor and Mrs. Huntington who spoke at an assembly last fall. They were here again September 29. This time Dr. Huntington described vividly what it is like to have treatment for Infantile Paralysis at Warm Springs, Georgia. We could see the white columns

STUDENT COUNCIL
Seated: W. Bowley, '48; M. Urquhart, '45; D. Archer, '48; M. Hillock, '46; R. Murphy, '45.
Standing: G. Smith, '47; C. Higgins, '47; K. Skillings, '46; Mr. Libby; F. Leary, '45.

of Southern mansions glistening in the sun, the sloping green lawns dotted with wheel chairs, and the large swimming pools where each patient matched skill with the next and felt for a time freedom from braces and wheel chair. Dr. Huntington told of meeting President Roosevelt there.

American History and Present Day Problems classes learned more of Turkish customs and language from Mrs. Huntington's enlightening lecture. Turkish women no longer wear veils.

We wrote you we were working on the Curtis Drive. It came to a smashing finish October 3. The Seniors won, and Bob Gott was high salesman again this year. (No teddy bear this time, Bob!) The Seniors chose to see *Wilson* at the State Theatre as their reward. Really the drive was most successful. S. H. S. cleared three hundred and fifty-five dollars!

October 11 was that fateful day for frightened Freshmen! They paraded around the building in grotesque get-ups. Every year the Sophomores seem more ingenious in planning tortures!

Strains of sweet music haunted the corriders last Monday, October 23. The high school orchestra tuned up for the first time after a summer's rest under the direction of Mr. Holcomb, the minister at Dunstan.

Wednesday we got our rank cards for the first time this year. The timing was perfect; we had Thursday and Friday off to recover while the teachers went to M. T. A. Convention at Lewiston to get more ammunition.

There goes that bell!

S. H. S. Reporters.
Senior Hang-Out Room 3
November 30, 1944

Dear G. I. Joe:

Almost a month has slipped by since the Senior drama, *One Mad Night,* and we still thrill to think of it. The audience was spellbound, but did you know that Daisy was spellbound, too? She suffered so severely from stage fright that she waited

ORCHESTRA

Seated: L. Nichols, '46; C. Bornheimer, '45; M. Dodge, '45; M. Meserve, '48; B. Bornheimer, '48.

Standing: E. Lilley, '50; E. Lilley, '48; M. Dodge, '48; L. Hascall, '51; W. Lord, '50.

nervously for someone to enter not realizing she was "that someone."

These days the air is filled with politics. Probably you have been listening to campaign speeches, but I'm afraid you have missed some of the best. We held our election November 7. Before voting, we listened to such renowned speakers as Sherwood (D). Gott (D), and Leary (R). Gott nearly swung the election with his logical arguments but Leary's winning smile and persuasive speech put Dewey in the lead by one vote, sixty-eight to sixty-seven.

November 17 really opened the season for the Scarboro Redskins. Our annual assembly to choose cheerleaders rocked the building. An excellent squad of cheerleaders won membership on the team by popular vote: Leary, Conant, Meserve, Googins, and Bowley. H. Walker and Blackington were chosen as substitutes. I wish you could see the new uniforms. They are striking!

November 20 brought our Scrap Paper Drive to a close. The contest among homerooms finished with the fighting Freshman B Division in the lead over the defending Sophomore A Division. The Frosh B hauled in 188.6 pounds per capita. The corridors have been very narrow with paper piled high their entire length. The nurse's scales have travelled up and down them many times as the contestants weighed in. Paper came in by the truck load mounting to a total of 29,987 lbs.

In our assembly Wednesday morning we found out that Thanksgiving is more than a holiday with a Turkey dinner. We saw Joe Newcomb offering thanks at the head of a bountifully laden table (Norman Rockwell's, *Freedom from Want*). We heard the voice of the service man speaking to every American of the things he loved and was thankful for. The perfect harmony of the girls' trio and Charlene's solo filled us with gratitude even in a war-torn world. We have so much for which to be

SENIOR DRAMA CAST

First Row: C. Bornheimer, '45; E. Frederick, '45; F. Leary, '45; M. Urquhart, '45; C. Sherwood, '45.
Second Row: Mrs. Lary; D. Walker, '45; C. Titus, '45; M. Dodge, '45; M. Willey, '45.
Third Row: J. Lorfano, '45; D. Knudsen, '45; R. Murphy, '45; A. Wescott, '45; J. Plowman, '45.

thankful!

Thanksgiving Eve the Seniors crowded to the town hall to *The Spotlight of '45* in a blizzard. What a night! What a program! What profits! Two dollars!

You can thank Mr. Weatherman for this long letter. No school today, but I still have those assignments!

S. H. S. Reporters.

The "Lab"
December 22, 1944

Dear G. I. Joe:

Christmas is in the air, but we must catch up on the news before vacation.

You will be glad to hear that we observed Pearl Harbor Day in a fitting way. We launched the Sixth War Loan Drive. (We had hoped to win the Greater Portland high school contest and launch a ship as a reward.) Our quota in the contest was one hundred and sixty-five bonds, or $4,125. Scarboro High went over the top more than two hundred per cent. One highlight of the drive occurred December 11. Three bells summoned us to the assembly hall. Mr. Bessey tuned in the radio as the familiar voice of the announcer explained that each high school had a representative in the studio to talk to the people in his territory. When Scarboro's turn came he said, "Here's a boy who looks as though he knew all the answers." Sure enough, we knew it would be our one and only Murphy.

December 14 the Frosh B Division and other high contributors to the Scrap Paper Drive enjoyed a theater party as a reward for their hard work. (We wonder why a certain Frosh girl didn't take that empty seat beside a Frosh boy, we wonder!)

Last week strains of *Don't Fence Me In, There'll Be a Hot Time in the Town of Berlin* and other songs of yesterday and today underwent miraculous changes within the walls of S. H. S. Our school song contest closed in the Friday morning as-

CHEERLEADERS

Left to Right: G. Googins, '45; V. Conant, '45; F. Leary, '45; A. Meserve, '47; W. Bowley, '48.

sembly. Our Cole Porters are a Senior and two Sophomores: Marion Dodge, Marion Griswold, and Ardeth Meserve, the winners.

This is perfect basketball weather: cold, crisp, invigorating, with a hint of snow in the air. The boys delighted us with their first Triple C victory at the Cape. The cheerleaders will need a weekend to recover after cheering for those winning points.

This afternoon we enjoyed our annual Christmas assembly. The Freshmen came to the front and showed us some of their talent. We won't forget Caro Howard's xylophone solo, *White Christmas* or our trip to *Winter Wonderland* with the trio. The Freshman play was done in old-fashioned costume. Of course, we sang carols and Santa loaded two Christmas trees with gifts.

Now vacation begins!

S. H. S. Reporters.

The Office

March 24, 1945

Dear G. I. Joe:

We realize it has been some time since you heard from S. H. S., but we know you'll understand when we say, *Midyears, Editorial Board Meetings, Vacation*, but let's begin at the beginning.

The Editorial Board has been meeting in the library during the noon lunch period to settle weighty questions. Editors balance plates on their knees and mix meatballs, pictures, covers, etc. We hope we don't lose any editor through acute indigestion! (Not until the Four Corners has gone to press anyway!)

January 24 and 25 we "underwent" Midyears. The most serious result to date occurred on a Sophomore paper. Question: Give a synopsis of the verb do in the second person. Answer: "Do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?" Quite a synopsis!

Friday we saw our new moving picture machine in action for the first time. We fought *The War with Russia* and came out realizing the debt we owe to our allies. A week later we saw our second film on *Houses and Trees.* (Were Bill and Daisy looking over the housing situation?)

New Englanders will be talking of February 9, 1945, for some time: the

RIDING CLUB

First Row: H. Walker, '45; C. Sherwood, '45; F. Leary, '45; M. Blackington, '45; B. Keily, '45; A. Wescott, '45.

Second Row: Miss Moran; W. Bowley, '48; M. Urquhart, '45; N. Richardson, '48; A. Meserve, '47; E. Frederick, '45.

Third Row: R. Gantnier, '48; L. Vail, '46; C. Titus, '45; E. Sargent, '48; R. Ward, '48.

greatest snowfall in many years, roads impassible, drifts six to ten feet high. However, we shall remember the date for another reason — due to the storm school closed February 8 and did not open until February 19. We gained a holiday, February 22.

On the twenty-first, Mr. Bessey announced the Senior honor parts: Marion Dodge, first honor; Joe Lorfano, second honor; Marilyn Willey, third honor. What a class! The following all earned averages of eighty-five or above: C. Bornheimer, H. Davis, D. Knudsen, R. Murphy, H. Walker, M. Urquhart, and M. Winslow. Congratulations!

Last week we saw the movie, *The Battle of Britain*, a parallel to the Russian film. By the way, due to the ingenuity of the Home Economics and the Industrial Arts departments we have effective blackout curtains.

You would have enjoyed the "exclusive" basketball game in the gym last Wednesday night. The Scarboro girls played the "Blue Serge Bloomers" and won their first game in a thrilling three-minute overtime, the score, 29-27.

Because of the dangerous condition of the roads, we held a safety assembly on March 2. Each home room contributed five minutes of original entertainment. We actually met Mr. Road Hog, and we should warn Arthur Wescott to drive his tricycle more carefully. Careless driving causes many accidents.

The thirteenth was an unlucky day for the Seniors. The Juniors edged them out to win the final game of our inter-mural basketball tournament.

Mr. Hallett has certainly done a wonderful job in preparing the boys for service through physical education. Friday morning we crowded into the gym to see the boys go through a breathtaking physical fitness program which develops power, strength and skill. There were two numbers in the sideshow, too: Lorfano, who was left with one black and one brown shoe, and Wescott in his "elusive" gym

6TH WAR LOAN CONTEST
Seated: A. Meserve, '47; N. Richardson, '48; M. Urquhart, '45; F. Stanford, '46.
Standing: F. Leary, '45; R. Murphy, '45; Miss Moran; R. Gott, '45.

suit. In the evening the Sophomores put their dancing steps to work at the Sophomore Hop. They awarded prizes to Darrel Archer with his guitar and Dorothy Grant, a young Deanna Durbin, in the amateur contest.

Today is Saturday, and here we are at school paying for those "no school" announcements last January. The Four Corners is about to go to press, so the Scarboro Reporters have received their notice. We have enjoyed writing to you immensely, and we'll still be thinking of you.

Bye now,
S. H. S. Reporters.

"In the Service of Our Country"

S. H. S. SERVICE ROLL, 1944-45

Earl N. Ahlquist
Florence L. Ahlquist
Frances I. Ahlquist
Leon H. Ahlquist
Russell S. Brackett
Donald J. Campbell
Raymond E. Collins
Robert E. Cott
Maynard A. Dolloff
Asa M. Douglass
Neil R. Douglass
Donald Fish
Donald C. Frederick
Roswell S. Googins
James E. Greene
Robert K. Hicks
Grant S. Jensen
Robert L. Jensen
R. Leon Littlefield, Jr.
A. Gerald Lothrop
Frank S. Melcher
Maynard M. Meserve
Donald B. Mitchell
Thomas R. Mucci
Lawrence Nielsen
Frederick M. Newcomb
Royce O'Donall
William E. Perham
Arthur L. Pooler
Stanley H. Pooler
James H. Scamman
Roger W. Scamman
G. Clifford Southworth
Delmar D. Shaw, Jr.
Clayton E. Skillings
Harold B. Strout
Ernest O. Turk
Lloyd H. Turner
Thomas E. Withee

KILLED IN ACTION

Pfc. Austin W. Allen—Africa, February 24, 1944
Roger W. Scamman, Y 1/c—Pacific Area
Pvt. Donald B. Mitchell—Western Front
Pvt. Louis Gervais—Western Front
Pvt. R. Leon Littlefield, Jr.—Western Front

WOUNDED IN ACTION

Pvt. Earl N. Ahlquist—Iwo Jima
Sgt. George S. Davis—Western Front
Pfc. Harold B. Strout—Western Front
Pfc. John A. Profenno—Western Front

PRISONER OF WAR

Lt. Granville A. Pence—Germany

"Meet The Misses"

FRANCES IRENE AHLQUIST, S 2/c
Class of 1940
Enlisted 1944

FLORENCE M. AHLQUIST, S 2/c
Class of 1940
Enlisted 1944

CAROLYN F. PILLSBURY, WAC
Class of 1934
Enlisted 1944

In Memoriam

Pfc. Austin W. Allen
Class of '40

Austin is well remembered for his droll humor and keen mind. He was a member of the National Guard, receiving his honorable discharge to join the regular Army at the outbreak of the war. He received his training at Maxwell Field and Will Rogers Field. He was assigned to the Air Service Command in Africa where he lost his life, February 24, 1944.

Roger W. Scamman
Class of '35

Shortly after his graduation from Scarboro High, Roger enlisted in the Navy, together with his classmate and chum, Bradford Welch, later lost in the Pacific Area on the Submarine Shark. During high school and in the Navy this talented son of Scarboro won distinction with his poetic ability. Roger was lost when his ship was torpedoed in the Pacific Area. He leaves a wife and little son.

In Memoriam

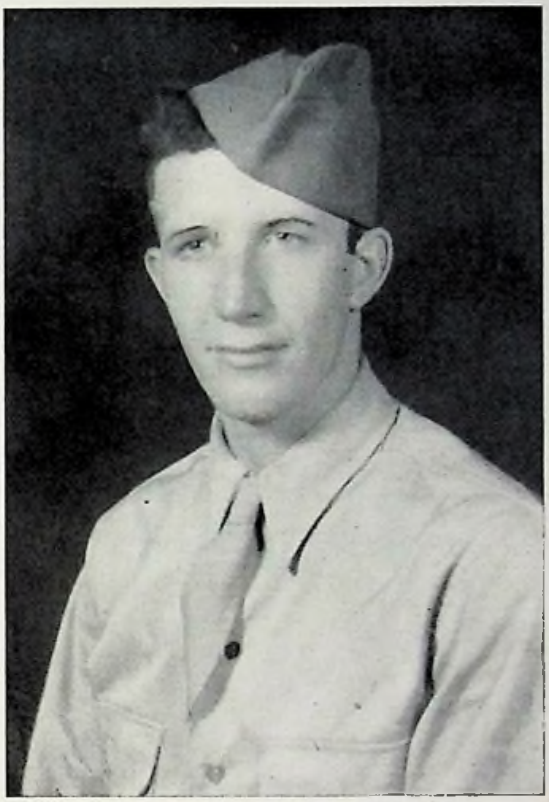
Pvt. Donald B. Mitchell
ex-'44

Don was in the service less than a year when he lost his life in France, January 23, 1945. He was an outstanding basketball player, a class officer, member of the Student Council, and a member of the 4-H clubs. He will long be remembered for an earnest student and a fine chap.

Pvt. Louis Gervais
ex-'47

Louis was with us only a part of his Freshman year, where we found him unfailingly friendly and fun-loving. He left school to go to work, then entered the service about a year ago. He was killed in action, February, 1945, on the Western Front. He has three brothers in the service.

In Memoriam



Pvt. R. Leon Littlefield, Jr.

"Cappy," as we best knew him, entered the service, July, 1944, and was killed in action in Germany, March, 1945. He received his training at Fort Knox, Kentucky. He was a member of the Boy Scouts and assistant leader, also a 4-H club member, and a member of the Congregational Church, Scarboro. He leaves a wife and two children.

L'ENVOI

Rest then in peace, Beloved Dead.
The goal for which you strove is near,
And in our hearts who loved you well
Your Memory lingers, warm and dear.

Graduation Program of Class of 1944

Theme: DAWN

"Hail, gentle Dawn! mild, blushing goddess! hail!
Rejoiced I see thy purple mantle spread
O'er half the skies, gems pave thy radiant way,
And orient pearls from ev'ry shrub depend."

Music—"United Liberty March," *Losey*
High School Orchestra

Prayer, Rev. Jellison Lello

Salutatory Address—Dawning,
Ruth Harriet Libby

"THE RETURN OF PERSEPHONE"

Ceres, Goddess of the Earth,
Ruth Harriet Libby

Persephone, her Daughter, Ruth Janet Main

Pluto, God of the Underworld,
Brenton Clinton Dodge

Prosper, a Grecian Youth,
Stanley Henry Pooler

Philomel, a Grecian Maiden,
Helen Sylvia Soule

Spirit of Dawn, Priscilla Scamman

Soloist, Charlene F. Bornheimer

Spirit of Spring, Alison Frances Downs

Spirit of Life, Theresa Arlene Burnham

Chorus, High School Glee Club

Dancers—Marjorie Marie Libby, Betty Virginia Bimson and Children

ACT I BEFORE THE THRONE OF PLUTO

Off-stage Chant, Glee Club

"Tango Serenade," High School Orchestra

ACT II A GRECIAN GROVE

Songs

"At Dawning," *Cadman*

"Melody in F," *Rubenstein*

"Spring Morning," Czechoslovakian Folk Song

"Morning," *Speaks*

"Dixie Airs," *Bourdon*

"American Patrol," *Meacham*

High School Orchestra

Class Prophecy, Frances Louise Bimson, Arlene Ruth Cohen

March, High School Orchestra

"1944 in Uniform," Lucille Frances Chase

"Our Pledge," Eleanor Mae Wyman

Presentation of Gifts, Helen Sylvia Soule, Eleanor Mae Wyman

Selection—"Sobre las Olas," *Rosas*
High School Orchestra

Class Poem—Carpe Diem, Ruth Helen Chase

Valedictory and Essay—The Dawn of a New World, Brenton Clinton Dodge

Singing of Class Ode,
Written by Ruth Harriet Libby
Class of 1944

Presentation of Alumni Awards.

Presentation of Diplomas,
Superintendent F. H. B. Heald

Benediction, Rev. Jellison Lello

March, High School Orchestra

CLASS ODE

Tune: "I Threw a Kiss on the Ocean"

Goodbye, dear friends of our school days,
The years may draw us apart,
But we will always with thoughts so true
Keep the memory of school in our hearts.
Fare-thee-well!
Fare-thee-well!

'Till the dawn breaks o'er the hill;
And to our classmates who left us
To serve under the Red, White and Blue,
We'll do our best to make good for you
As we bid a farewell to our school.

Our Alma Mater we are leaving,
And whatever we all may do,
We'll think of our good times together here
As we start for our Worlds that are new.
Fare-thee-well!
Fare-thee-well!

Where we'll meet no one can tell;
And so, dear teachers and schoolmates
And friends that we've all made so true,
We'll say goodbye to our dear Scarboro High
When the dawn greets us over the hill.

ALUMNI AWARDS
1944

BRENTON CLINTON DODGE

ELEANOR MAE WYMAN

"The Alumni Award, instituted in 1931, is an act of the Alumni Association to encourage the development of Americanism, character, citizenship and community spirit. The boy and the girl of the Senior Class who, by excelling in these points, has caused the honored name of Scarboro High School to be placed in a position to receive the most favorable comment, shall receive such awards at the annual Alumni Banquet."

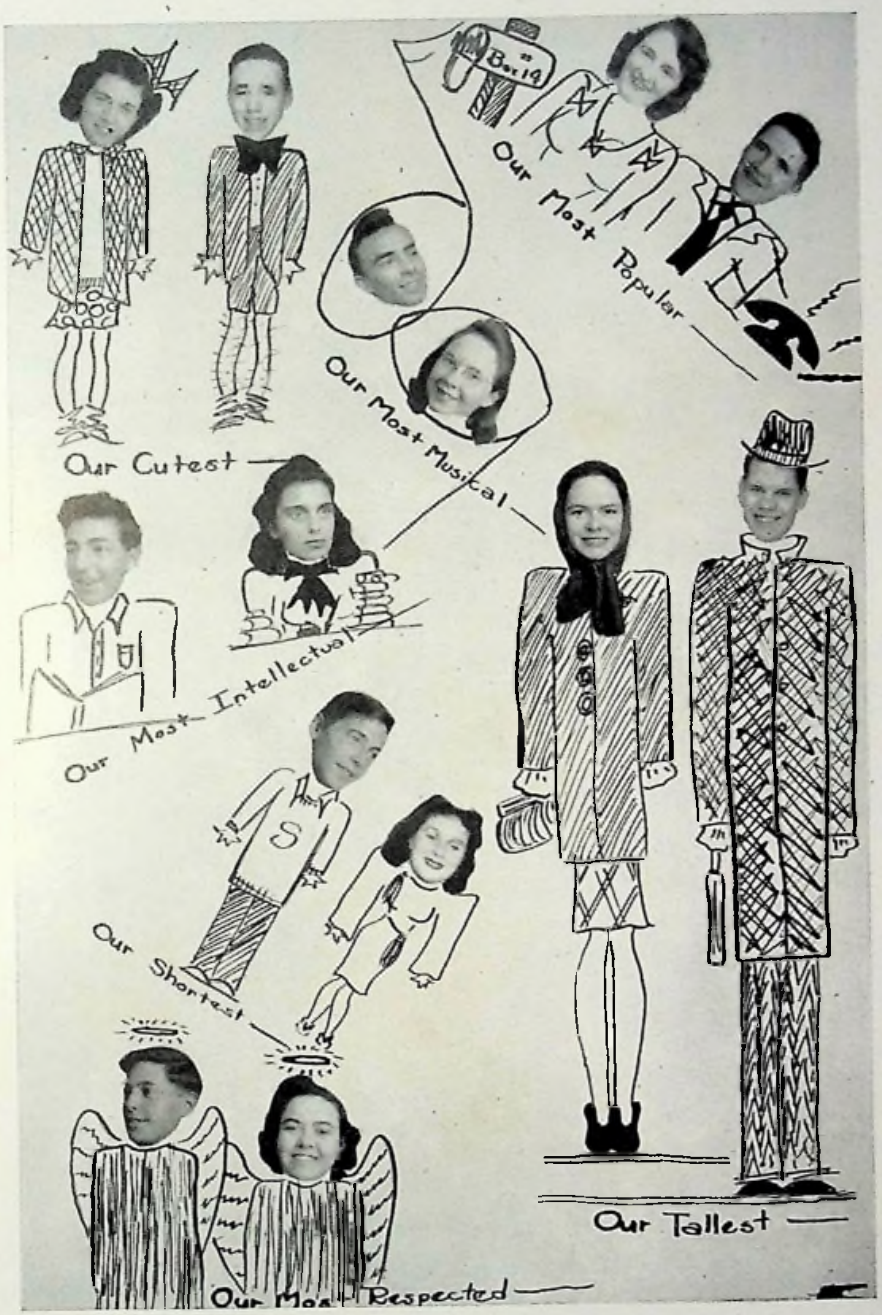
"FOUR CORNERS" 1944-45 BALANCE SHEET

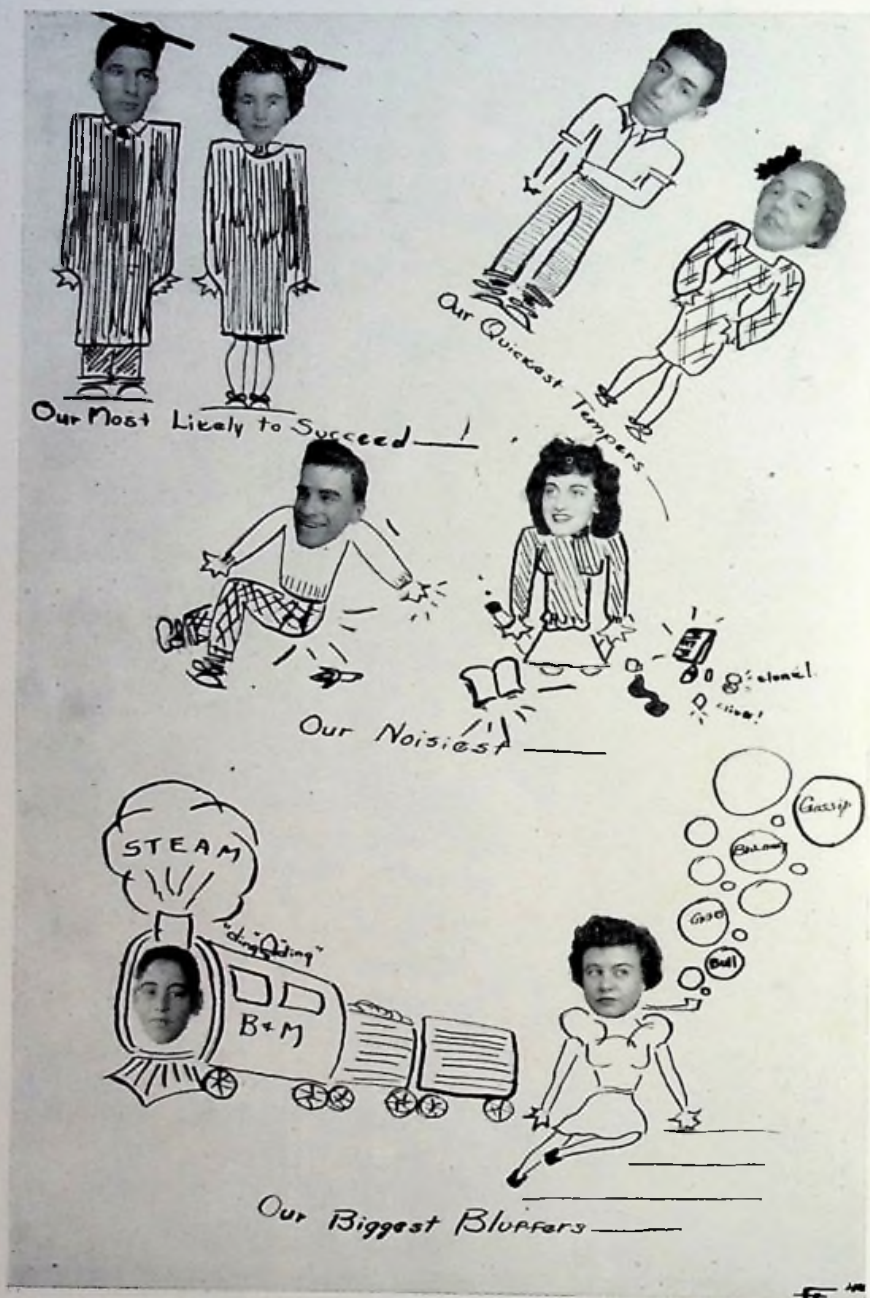
Receipts		Payments	
Pennell Institute	"The Whirlpool"	West Paris High	"The Nautilus"
Limerick High	"Sokosis"	Guilford High	"The Rostrum"
Bristol High	"The Bristolite"	Pennell Institute	"The Whirlpool"
Porter High	"The Outlook"	Limerick High	"Sokokis"
Farmington High	"The Laurel"	Bristol High	"The Bristolite"
Berwick High	"The Navillus"	Porter High	"The Outlook"
Camden High	"The Megunticook"	Farmington High	"The Laurel"
N. H. Fay High	"The Signet"	Gorham High	"The Schola"
Standish High	"The Crimson Rambler"	Berwick High	"The Navillus"
Bridgton High	"The Corona"	S. D. Hanson High	"The Crescent"
Lubec High	"The Quoddy Light"	Limington Academy	"Sokokis Warrior"
Falmouth High	"The Crest"	Camden High	"The Megunticook"
Paris High	"The Chronicle"	N. H. Fay High	"The Signet"
Windham High	"The Windonian"	Freeport High	"The Clarion"
Naval Base, Portland	"Fleet Recreation News"	Standish High	"The Crimson Rambler"
		Bridgton High	"The Corona"
Balance (in the red)	6 yearbooks	Lubec High	"The Quoddy Light"
		Mechanic Falls High	"The Pilot"
		Falmouth High	"The Crest"
		Paris High	"The Chronicle"
		Windham High	"The Windonian"

"Oh wad some power
the gift tae gie us
To see oursels as
others see us!"

R Burns

Our Athletes
For Pretty Hair use Laco Shampoo
For Pretty Hair use Deene Shampoo
Our Prettiest Hair
Our Biggest Gum Chewers
Our Best Dancers


Our Most Popular
Our Most Musical
Our Cutest
Our Most Intellectual
Our Shortest
Our Tallest
Our Most Respected


Our Most Likely to Succeed
Our Quickest Tempers
Our Noisiest
STEAM
B+M
Gossip
Bull
Our Biggest Bluffers

Our Shyest—
Our Best Dressers—
Our Prettiest Eyes—
Our Clowns—
Our Flirts—
APPOLLO
VENUS
Our Best Looking—

Teacher: "I wish you all a Happy Vacation and sincerely hope that you will leave your talking at home when you come back."

Class (in unison): "The same to you."

Teacher (in English 1): "Have any of you ever lived near a large river?"

B. B., '48: "Yes, the Nonesuch."

Teacher: "Can anybody tell me what a cockroach is?"

J. L., '45: "No, I never saw one, but aren't they something like a bedbug?"

WANTED:

A cushion for Conant when playing basketball.

A divided seat so Arthur and Margy can sit together.

A car for Teddy's use on Saco trips.

A handcuff for Leonard to keep Winonah.

A muffler to keep Joey quiet.

A cafeteria for Charlie to use during classes.

A lie doctor for Maryon.

A pencil for Freddie.

Miss Moran to M. M., '45: "Put that gum in the waste paper basket."

M. M., '45: "Did you speak to me or Shirley?"

While looking through a book we saw the following lines and thought they would be appropriate:

Here's to the Senior, so learned and wise,
As the Pride of the High School he takes the First Prize.
He studies by day, and he studies by night,
His conduct is perfect, his grades out of sight.
The Senior.

Here's to the Junior, in basketball a star,
He says, "Never seen it—I done—and she are."
His grammar is rusty, his study hours few,
But he is an Athlete, I'm telling you!
The Junior.

Here's to the Sophomore, society's pet,
Won't go out in the rain for fear he'll get wet.
He rushes the girls, he's sweet, I declare,
At dances and needlework he is a bear!
The Sophomore.

Here's to the Freshman, my word, but he's green,
He rides to the High School in his little machine.
He plays tag and hopscotch, and hide-and-go-seek,
The Freshman, my friends, is the High School freak!
The Freshman.

NICE RUMOR

First Girl: "Is it true you are going to be married?"

Second Girl: "No, but I'm thankful for the rumor!"

A SILENT CALL

C. T., '45, to R. M., '45: "What do you do when a person forgets his change?"

R. M., '45: "I tap the counter with a dollar bill!"

THAT EXPLAINS IT

Mr. P. to J. P., '45 (looking over wrecked car): "—And who was driving?"

J. P., '45: "No one, we were all in the back seat."

Place—Bus to Falmouth.

Time—Supper.

The bus driver was having trouble so he went out front to inspect the motor when two little boys came along and started pounding the side of the bus.

One boy said, "Aren't you ugly any more?"

Bus driver replied harshly, "No!"

Little boy: "How in the world did you ever get a job as a bus driver?"

SHORTHAND CLASS

Miss M.: "Daisy, are you following your translation?"

D. W., '45: "No, but I'm on the track."

Teacher: "Why are you late this morning?"

B. H., '47: "I saw a sign."

Teacher: "What has the sign to do with it?"

B. H., '47: "It said, 'School Ahead — Go Slow.'"

COMMERCIAL LAW CLASS

Teacher: "What is a tort?"

Pupil: "A small child."

M. U., '45, is only a telephone girl, but she sure is plugging.

MODERN MILLINERY

Gushing Clerk: "Yes, miss; that's the smartest hat we have in the store!"

C. B., '45 (dryly): "It doesn't have to be smart. I'll put the brains into it myself."

E. S., '48: "We have a Sargent painting in our house."

D. S., '48: "That's nothing. We have a General housecleaning in ours.

ROUGHLY SPEAKING

Joey: "Can you tell me roughly what time the game will be over?"

J. N., '48: "Yes, you little blockheaded, superannuated, pestiferous squib, about five o'clock! Is that rough enough for you?"

STUDY HALL? ? ?

My eyelids lag, I shake my head,
Then reluctantly crawl out of bed;
Half-awake, I wash and dress and scarcely eat;
I rush to school and puff!—I take my seat.
At last in calm I start to think
Is my homework all prepared, oh—!
I have an English theme to write!
I should have done it — oh, yes! — last night.
Books are scattered everywhere—

The Gremlin's have been on a tear!
Gee, I'd like to go on a lark;
In here it looks so cold and dark—
One would think it was a morgue;
There I go again—yawning like a dog.

Around me faithful students go about their work,
While others in a different mood can only shirk.
Way off in the distance, across the corridor bare,
A teacher speaks in French—her looks are very fair!
Downstairs the saws are humming, the sawdust flies about;
While in the lab above a mixture knocks 'em out.
Thus until the bell rings, time goes slowly by,
For this is period one at dear old Scarboro High!

FRED H. LEARY, '45.

Miss F.: "What, Seniors on detention?"

Mrs. L.: "Oh, that's ancient history!"

A. W., '45: "No, Present Day Problems!"

Mrs. L.: "Rampant means rearing and beating the air with forelegs."

R. M., '45: "That's impossible!"

FRENCH?

Question: "What is the feminine of Charles?'

Answer: "Charlene."

"A Freshman in Laboratory was learning
the chemical action of burning.
He didn't know how to be careful, so now,
from a flight in the stratosphere he's
returning."

M. D., '45: "I think M. Bessey should go to night school and study grammar."

M. W., '45: "Why?"

M. D., '45: "He's always saying, 'Pie are square.'"

GIRL'S AT WORK

Boss: "Did you deliver that message to the Manager?"

New Girl Messenger: "No, sir, he wasn't in."

Boss: "Why didn't you wait for him as I told you?"

N. G. M.: "Well, his office door was locked, and a sign on it said, 'Return immediately' so I hustled back here as quickly as I could!"

R. M., '45: "You know, I speak as I think."

L. W., '45: "Yes, only a little oftener."

HEARD IN CIVICS CLASS

Mrs. L.: "What is the head of an Indian tribe called?"

V. P., '48: "Chief."

Mrs. L.: "Correct, and what is his daughter called?"

V. P., '45: "Mischief."

BETRAYED!

Shortly after Mark Twain went abroad, following the failure of the publishing house in which he was interested, a friend of the humorist asked Brander Matthews, "Do you know Mark Twain's present address? I have a letter to send him."

"God only knows where he is," replied Matthews.

And so the correspondent addressed his communication to "Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), God knows where."

About two months later Mark replied from a little village in Switzerland.

"Like you," he replied, "I was sure God knew where I was. But," he added plaintively, "I was hoping He would not tell."

NOW BE GOOD

Young Husband: "I suppose you will threaten to go home to mother after this?"

Wife: "I'll do nothing so foolish, I'm going to invite her here."

He is a fool who cannot be angry; but he is a wise man who will not.—Old Proverb.

MARCH ECHO

Doctor: "The trouble is — your heart has been overtaxed."

Patient: "Don't tell me there's a tax on that, too!"

AT DAWN

I like to rise at dawn.
I love to milk a cow.
But when I think these thoughts,
It's afternoon—not now!

Mrs. L.: "Natalie, if coal is selling at $8 a ton and you pay your dealer $24, how many tons will he bring you?"

N. R., '48: "Just a little more than 3 tons."

Mrs. L.: "Why, Natalie, that isn't right."

N. R., '48: "I knew it wasn't but they all do it."

A. W., '45: "I want a cheap coat hanger."

Clerk: "I have a fine one for ten cents."

A. W., '45: "Haven't you something cheaper than that?"

Clerk: "Sure, a nail."

Mrs. L.: "I hope you are all going to further your education next year."

F. L., '45: "Sure, Fort Benning, Georgia, Infantry, for me."

Mrs. B.: "Where do you bathe, Charlene?"

C. S., '45: "In the Spring."

Mrs. B.: "I didn't say when."

Janitor, entering P. D. Problems Class with checks in his hand looked around the room, then said, "No teacher?"

Miss M. appeared up from a seat in the middle of the room and blushingly replied, "Oh, yes!"

Janitor: "Thought you were one of the kids."

J. P., '45: I'm taking Barbara to the prize fight tonight."

C. T., '45: "Don't do it, Jim; too much education isn't good for a woman."

Mr. B.: "How would you like your life insured, Lee?"

L. D., '45: "I don't think much of it. If I go and get my life insured I'm liable to live forever."

A. W., '45: "Why do they put telephone wires on such high poles?"

M. U., '45: "So as to keep up conversation."

J. N., '48: "I've just learned to write."

Mrs. L.: "What have you learned to write?"

J. N., '48: "I don't know, I haven't learned to read yet."

You can always tell the Irish;
You can always tell the Dutch.
You can always tell a Yankee,
But you cannot tell him much.

A member of the Junior Class just told a white lie.

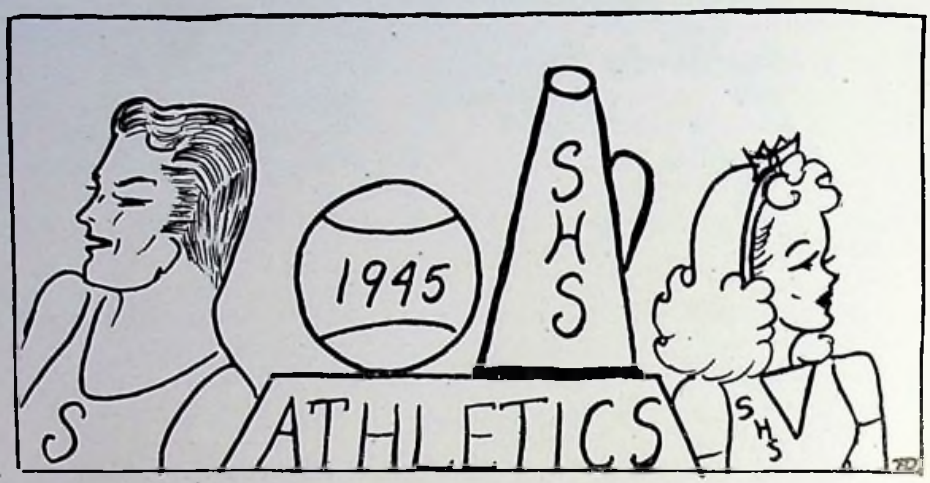
T. B., '46: "I dislike a liar."

D. W., '46: "What must I do for it?"

T. B., '46: "Try to emulate that great, grand man who always told the truth."

Heard in Science Class:

Why does the moon get full?
Because it is so near the dipper.



TRACK

At the beginning of the track season, our outlook was a dismal one. All of our lettermen had graduated and few of the boys who came out had ever had much actual competition. After several weeks of practice, the following were chosen for the team: Dodge, '44, in the mile and half-mile; Gott, '45, in the dashes and broad jump; Plowman, '45; in the dashes, pole vault, high jump, broad jump, javelin and shot put; Lorfano, '45, in the high jump, discus and quarter-mile; O'Donall, '45, in the pole vault and mile; Pooler in the shot put, high jump and pole vault; Johnson, '46, in the half-mile; Campbell, '45, in the discus; Higgins, '46, in the shot put; Dixon, '47, in the discus.

We competed in three dual track meets, losing to a powerful Old Orchard High team in the opener and then to an equally powerful Cheverus High team which later won the Class B State title at Waterville. We won from our arch rivals, Gorham High, in a close battle, 52½ to 46½, at the Portland Stadium. The *Portland Press Herald* wrote as follows about this meet: "Scarboro High wins out in Track Meet by 'Sprint.' In the final running event, with the score tied at 40½ points, Gott and Plowman of Scarboro tied for first in the 220-yard dash and a win by Larrivee of Gorham in the pole vault was not sufficient to overcome the margin piled up in the dash. Plowman of Scarboro was high point scorer with 16½ points while Smith of Gorham was second with 13. Gott of Scarboro and Libby of Gorham were tied for third with 12 points each."

The summary:

100-Yard Dash—Won by Libby (G); second, Plowman (S); third, Johnson (G). Time: 11 seconds.

Mile Run—Won by Smith (G); second, Dodge (S); third, Larrivee (G). Time: 5 minutes 9 seconds.

High Jump—Won by Lorfano and Pooler (S); third, tie between Larrivee (G); and Plowman (S). Height: 5 feet.

Shot Put—Won by Johnson (G); second, Plowman (S); third, Higgins (S). Distance: 35 feet 1 inch.

440-Yard Run—Won by Johnson (G); tie for second, Laverty and Libby (G). Time: 59 seconds.

Discus—Won by Dixon (S); second, Gott (S); third, Campbell (S). Distance: 77 feet 2 inches.

Broad Jump—Won by Gott (S); second, Libby (G); third, Laverty (G). Distance: 17 feet 11½ inches.

880-Yard Run—Won by Smith (G); second, Dodge (S); third Libby (G).

BOYS' BASKETBALL

First Row: D. Ward, '46; F. Pooler, '46; J. Plowman, '45; J. Lorfano, '45; C. Higgins, '47; T. Browne, '46.

Second Row: Coach Hallett; R. Jordan, '46; L. Libby, '46; J. Malloch, '47; R. Gott, '45; Manager A. Wescott, '45.

Third Row: R. Webber, '48; G. Jobson, '48; H. Ridlon, '47; D. Archer, '48; R. Hughes, '47.

Javelin — Won by Plowman (S); second, Smith (G); third, Larrivee (G). Distance: 127 feet.

220-Yard Dash—Tie for first, Gott and Plowman (S); third, Libby (G).

Pole Vault—Won by Larrivee (G); second, Pooler (S); third, Plowman (S). Height: 9 feet 4 inches.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Our Scarboro High Redskins enjoyed a fairly successful season, winning six of twelve games in the regular season and suffering one defeat in tourney play. After losing the first three starts, Mr. Hallett's coaching began to pay dividends and we won six of the remaining nine games, defeating every team played once with the exception of Gorham which went on to win the Triple C Tournament held at South Portland High.

VARSITY RECORD

	Opponent	Scarboro
*Windham High,	44	17
Old Orchard High,	38	22
*Gorham High,	36	26
Cape Elizabeth High,	23	26
*St. Louis High,	15	43
*Falmouth High,	22	28
Gorham High,	34	28
*Cape Elizabeth High,	40	24
Windham High,	19	39
St. Louis High,	32	34
*Old Orchard High,	29	55
Falmouth High,	37	32
Pennell Institute,	36	25
	410	399

* Home games.

INDIVIDUAL SCORING

	Goals	Fouls	Totals
Plowman (f),	55	24	134
Lorfano (f),	52	12	116
Higgins (c),	34	6	74
Pooler (g),	17	13	47
Ward (g),	5	2	12
Jordan (f),	3	1	7
Browne (g),	0	6	6
Libby (c),	1	0	5
Malloch (g),	0	1	1
	167	65	399

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Seated: V. Conant, '45; C. Bornheimer, '45; H. Walker, '45; D. Walker, '45; M. Blackington, '45; M. Winslow, '45; M. Perham, '46.

Standing: Coach Moran; W. Bowley, '48; B. Bornheimer, '48; M. Meserve, '48; B. Nielsen, '48; A. Meserve, '47; F. Stanford, '46; Manager M. Dodge, '45.

Only two of the above team, Plowman and Lorfano, will be lost by graduation, but Higgins, our capable center, will probably enter the armed services during the summer as will Ward and Libby.

Our Jayvee team compiled a very good record winning seven of ten games and showing possible talent for next year's team in the persons of high scoring "Cutie" Jordan and Jim Malloch.

JAYVEE RECORD

	Opponent	Scarboro
Windham High,	21	15
Old Orchard High,	10	18
Gorham High,	32	24
Cape Elizabeth High,	17	29
St. Louis High,	20	22
Falmouth High,	11	23
Gorham High,	29	11
Cape Elizabeth High,	19	23
St. Louis High,	18	20
Old Orchard High,	29	47
	206	232

INDIVIDUAL SCORING

	Goals	Fouls	Totals
Jordan (f),	35	20	90
Malloch (c),	26	11	63
R. Hughes (f),	10	4	24
Gott (g),	6	5	17
Fish (c),	7	1	15
Archer (f),	6	1	13
Libby (c),	2	2	6
Ridlon (g),	1	2	4
H. Hughes (g),	0	0	0
Jobson (g),	0	0	0
Webber (f),	0	0	0
Gower (f),	0	0	0
	93	46	232

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Under the coaching of Miss Moran, the Scarboro girls played a schedule of seven games and, although they won but one of these contests, they played well and their losses were hard fought with close scores.

Five regular starters will be lost through graduation but it is hoped that some sort of competition can be carried on next year. Daisy Walker, captain of the team, was high scorer with 148 points, while Virginia Conant scored 31, Maryon Blackington, 21, and Margaret Perham, 5 points. First team guards were Charlene Bornheimer, Helen Walker and Frances Stanford. The substitutes included Winonah Bowley, forward; and Marjorie Winslow, Barbara Bornheimer, Ardeth Meserve and Betty Nielsen, guards.

GIRLS' TEAM RECORD

	Opponent	Scarboro
Corham High,	47	36
Buxton High,	28	19
Windham High,	42	35
Buxton High,	28	19
Windham High,	39	31
Alumnae,	27	29
Corham High,	48	36
	259	205

WEARERS OF THE "S"

TRACK

J. Plowman, '45 — R. O'Donall, '45
R. Gott, '45 — F. Pooler, '46
J. Lorfano, '45

BOYS' BASKETBALL

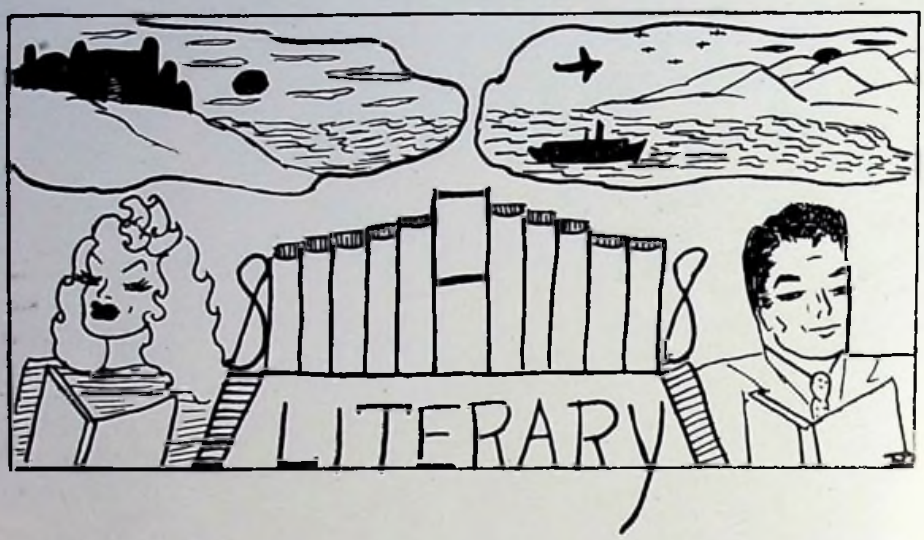
J. Plowman, '45 — D. Ward, '46
J. Lorfano, '45 — W. Higgins, '47
T. Browne, '46 — A. Wescott, '45 (Mgr.)
F. Pooler, '46

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

D. Walker, '45 — M. Winslow, '45
V. Conant, '45 — M. Perham, '46
M. Blackington, '45 — F. Stanford, '46
C. Bornheimer, '45 — M. Dodge, '45 (Mgr.)
H. Walker, '45

CHEERLEADERS

F. Leary, '45 — A. Meserve, '47
V. Conant, '45 — W. Bowley, '48
G. Googins, '45



LETTER HOME

Captain Mac sat alone in the stifling tent in mid-afternoon. Swarms of buzzing, hungry mosquitoes outside the cloth netting were searching for an opening in which to enter. Captain Mac was bent over a board, fixed to serve as a table or desk. He was writing:

Dear Dad:

It seems queer to be writing on Thanksgiving with the heat blazing down at 90° in the shade. You know, Dad, these little South Pacific islands never seem to cool off, and this one I am on is no exception. I can just see the sifting snow piled in deep drifts around the old barn and chicken coop back home, and I see you and Ma sitting down to one of those noisy roosters (which you were always threatening to do away with), baked brown. Since the largest bird on this island is a sea gull, we had a delicious baked fish for dinner instead of the customary fowl.

Dad, remember fifteen years ago on Thanksgiving, when I was just a poor, homeless city hoodlum? That day comes back to me as clear as the sunlight. I was sneaking through your kitchen, seeing what food I could make off with through the open window. I happened to steal a look into the dining room and saw you saying the blessing over the brown chicken, and Ma's head bowed. I just wanted to hear what you had to say thanks about, when Ma's eyes opened and she turned and looked at me. I was slipping through the open window when you ran out the door and was there when I hit the ground. Well, you remember, Dad, I was awfully scared and told you everything. You seemed to understand, and Ma kept looking at my poor clothes and thinking how skinny I was for nine years' old. I went back with you, and for the first time in a long while had that aching emptiness in the pit of my stomach quieted. The next day I went down to the police station with you and heard you plead my case as no lawyer could have done. The judge could see how much in earnest you were and granted your request to look after me. It was swell to have a place to go home to in-

stead of a cold barn.

Dad, you and Ma gave me new life then. I had a purpose for which to live and fulfill my destiny.

Dad, it has been hard fighting the Japs for months on end, through heat and mud and disease, but if there is a human being on this earth who is thanking God for his blessings on this Thanksgiving Day, it is

Your affectionate son,

Troy.

Laura Tokarski, '46.

STAMINA

Just as the sun broke over the horizon one beautiful morning in October, an invasion force of U. S. Marines, commanded by Colonel Duncan Barr, pushed ashore on the Jap-held island of Achu. The opposition was heavy and casualties were many.

The Marines knew from reconnaissance raids' reports that as soon as they gained a foothold, they had only a few hundred feet to proceed before entering a thick forest which covered most of this large island.

Our troops fought bitterly all day. By the next day they had gained enough ground to keep themselves securely on the island. In a few days they made their way a little more than half way through the forest.

A garrison had been established at the landing beach. Supplies were brought continually to this fort.

A small force of fighters, led by Sergeant Russell Wentzel, had become isolated from the main fighting body. His men became few, and his supplies were very low. He knew he had to send word to the garrison if he was to save himself or any of his men from the Japanese army. Sergeant Wentzel consulted one of his Corporals about the situation.

Corporal Dave Miller suggested that Sergeant Wentzel dispatch Private Terry Keene's Doberman Pinscher, Cracka Jap, to the garrison for supplies and replacements.

Sergeant Wentzel ordered the dog sent to him and gave the dog's master instructions which he in turn was to give Cracka Jap. When all formalities were completed, Cracka Jap started back to the garrison.

Cracka Jap never returned to Private Keene, but six hours later, supplies and reinforcements came through to save the lives of the three remaining men.

When Private Keene asked about Cracka Jap he was informed that if medals were given to dogs, Cracka Jap would receive the Purple Heart and the Congressional Medal of Honor because on his way to the garrison he ran into some Japs who had circled the Marine forces and were planning an attack from the rear. They shot at him and wounded him seriously. Bleeding and in agony, he not only reached camp and gave the message to Colonel Barr, but led the reinforcement troops to the encircling Japanese and thus settled the Fate of every American Marine on the island. They had just reached this Japanese division when Cracka Jap died of wounds received in his first encounter with the enemy. He was given a decent burial after the battle, with full military honors.

Marion G. Dodge, '45.

"EZRA'S VENTURE"

The late afternoon sun flashed red across the windows of Tabor's General Store. On the porch behind the hitching post, sat the immense proprietor, Ezra Tabor, in his

favorite rocking chair. In the extreme heat of the summer he was warm and restless. By shifting his head very slightly he could see the river, and occasionally a swift moving barge in its tireless currents. His attention was on the river when Judge Evans rode up on his chestnut horse. Ezra eyed the pinch-waisted and shining-booted lawyer and spoke in his habitual, good-natured tone.

"Mornin', Judge Evans."

"Good morning, Ezra," returned the smooth-voiced lawmaker; "any activity on the Mississippi this morning?"

"Nope, nothin' worth mentioning," the fat man replied. "Anything on yer mind, Judge?"

"Yes," responded the Judge, "as a matter of fact, there is. I'm looking for young Slade, the one they call 'Blackie.'"

Ezra's eyes narrowed and he queried, "What for?"

Judge Evans replied calmly, "I know you've taken an interest in the boy, Ezra, but Mrs. Fitzsimmons claims he stole her silver when he worked up at her house last week."

Ezra let an audible gasp out of his bulk and spoke weakly. "That can't be, Judge; I know Blackie, and he's worked here with every opportunity to steal, but he never did, and I don't believe he has stolen now."

"I'd like to take your word, Ezra," said the lawyer, "but I've got a warrant and it's got to be delivered."

"You'll find him by the river at the old wharf," moaned Ezra.

Nothing else was said, and as the lawyer swung his horse toward the river, a tear rolled down the fat man's cheek.

The next day the town was astounded to see Ezra close the store, something he never did barring the Lord's day, and climb into his old buck-board and drive toward the home of Mrs. Fitzsimmons, where Blackie was to be tried, there being no court house in the town. When he arrived he eased his weighty body to the ground and walked up the path leading to the immense home of Hortense Fitzsimmons, widow of one of the town's pioneers.

Upon entering the house, Ezra was met by Judge Evans, and he gasped to the lawyer, "Let me see him, Judge."

"This way," replied the Judge. He led him into the kitchen and unlocked the pantry door; within sat Blackie, patting his old hound, with tear-streaked eyes. The lawyer slipped back into the hall, and Ezra stood at the door smiling, holding back the tears. Blackie looked up and ran to the merchant and buried his head into the man's fat side and sobbed.

"There, there," said Ezra, "dry up those tears."

"I didn't do it; I didn't do it," sobbed Blackie; "You believe me, don't you, Ezra?"

"Yes, I do believe you, Blackie," said the merchant. With this they both remained silent, with the old merchant patting the boy until the Judge came in and said, "We're holding the trial now; come on, Blackie."

They both followed him into the parlor, where the room had been arranged for an informal trial. The arrogant Mrs. Fitzsimmons sat in an overstuffed chair in the center of the room. She evaded the eyes of Ezra Tabor and remained thus throughout the query.

Nothing could be said on Blackie's behalf, and it was decided to send him to the state prison for children. The merchant only gripped the boy's hand and said, "Be brave!"

"I will," said the boy, biting hard on his lips to keep back the tears.

The next day as the stage coach rolled

up the street, the fat man watched Judge Evans bring Blackie to the depot. He closed his eyes; never had he felt so lonely. What he did not see was Mrs. Fitzsimmons' sister get off the stage, speak to the Judge, who let go of Blackie, and pointed toward Ezra.

Ezra opened his eyes when he heard the voice of Blackie calling him joyfully, "Ezra! Ezra!" When at last the boy reached him, Ezra pulled him close and asked, nervously, "What is it?"

"Miz Fitzsimmons' sister, she took the silver to be matched with more pieces to the city and fergot to tell Miz Fitzsimmons, so it's all right now, Ezra; it's all right!"

The merchant and the boy could only embrace each other, each saying a little prayer of thanksgiving.

RONALD C. MURPHY, '45.

THE EMERALD LISTS

One day there came to Arthur's Court a knight of noble birth whose father had been dear to Arthur and who had fought at Arthur's side through many of the early wars. Young and handsome of figure he was, and his face was as pure and innocent as a child's. His eyes alone betrayed his maturity, harboring the depth and seriousness that only years of living can give them. Born abroad during a foreign war, he had been sent by his father to join King Arthur's Table. His journey to his homeland had been filled with trying adventures.

On his shield he bore a device of three green marks, which also served as his signature; the rest was plain and uncolored. Devices brought from foreign wars made up his armament, which, except for a green plume that flew from his crown, was unadorned.

Now it happened on that day that the lesser knights of Arthur's Court were holding a tilt for the benefit of the ladies of the court; and since the ladies had consented, the winners were to choose their partners for the banquet to be held that eve. Most dashing of these Knights, was young Gawain, who had been ordered by the King to make the new knight acquainted with the ways of the court. Gawain, lest this seemingly shy knight go partnerless to the banquet, encouraged him to join the tilt and pick his partner; but knowing full well the sorrowful figure he cut among the dashing young blades, the Green Knight politely declined.

There was among the young ladies one dressed all in green, whose fairness and sweetness caught the fancy of "Gallant Gawain" and being more experienced than the other knights in battle, he secretly resolved that she should be his fair. The favors that he showed her, however, brought her great distress, for in her sweetness and innocence she did not favor Sir Gawain.

It happened, as it must when two hearts are destined to meet, that the Green Knight, standing alone, caught her eye and thence from their corners she admired his countenance, his quietness and grace, and she wished fervently that he might be her champion. And he, on beholding her dressed in his color and so fair and sweet, likewise lost his heart. Thus it was that with but little more encouragement from Gawain he joined the lists. With ease he rode down all opposition and even upset Sir Gawain with but one pass of the lance, to become the champion of the day. With modest grace he received his prize from King Arthur's hand, and rode down the field until he reached the balcony wherein his Emerald Lady awaited her triumphant Knight.

JOSEPH J. LORFANO, '45.

A SONG TO REMEMBER

Mary thought, "Thanksgiving without Fred is almost unbearable. I have hardly dared to think of it since I heard."

You see, Fred had been missing since July 10.

They had met on a Thanksgiving Day and had married on a Thanksgiving. It had been "Their Day" ever since. So you can see why it was going to be hard for Mary.

It was the day before Thanksgiving. Mary was thinking of all the things they had done on former Thanksgivings. She was doing this while preparing the turkey for the two families, hers and Fred's. She had insisted on their coming here. She hadn't told them her real reason—that all the work kept her from thinking.

Mary went about thus all day long day dreaming. There was always this little hope there; he might be alive.

That night Mary dreamed. She dreamed that an angel came to her and told her Fred would be home for Thanksgiving.

The next day when Mary got up, she wondered, "Is there such a thing as a premonition?" Then she shook the idea off saying to herself, "Silly, you're no better than anyone else. Why should God spare your husband any more than someone else's?"

At dinner, after saying grace, Mary was about to start carving, when something told her to turn around.

You probably know the rest—but something odd happened. As Mary whirled and saw her husband, she could have sworn she heard angels singing in the distance.

MARILYN G. WILLEY, '45.

WE ARE FREE

My name is Simon; I am fifteen years' old and I live in Paris. When the Germans came in I was only eleven years' old and things really didn't matter too much. As time went by and I saw how my older brother and sister and my mother and father were made to suffer, I began to hate the barbarous men that stalked through the streets, day and night, taking anything they saw and liked.

One night I remember in particular. It was in September, 1940, when I was eleven years' old. Pierre, my older brother, twenty, was in the Underground Movement. He and two other boys had helped an older man blow up one of the railroad bridges at the South of Paris. He had just come home when a knock came at the door, and a command to open up was heard. We looked from one to another, and my mother began to cry. Pierre opened the door; four Germans stalked in, one sneered at my mother and told her to stop her noise. They took Pierre by the arms and led him away. It seems that someone told them he had helped in the blowing up of the bridge, and as they did not know the names of the others and Pierre would not talk, they shot him the next evening.

After that it was just one thing after another. They placed soldiers in our home to live. They treated my mother and sister as if they were slaves. We had very little to eat and wear. We prayed each day for the liberation of our city. There were many times that it seemed we could not go on, but we knew we must. When in June we knew the Allies were on their way to our city we could hardly control our joy.

When the time came to strike, our men marched up on the Germans and fought in a hand-to-hand battle with them. When the Yanks came in they were like angels to us. No one who has never experienced what we had been through can realize how happy we were. Old men and women cried

like children, and all of us who could ran beside the Yanks and climbed over the trucks and rode with them. When the last of the Germans were all driven out we went to the parade through the city. Now we pray each day that soon the whole world will be free again, and that our boys can come home, and that these boys in our city can go home to live happily forever with those they love.

MARJORIE D. URQUHART, '45.

THE LAST DAY

It was the day before he was to take his physical; everyone was sad and blue; it meant losing one of the family, but what if he didn't pass? No, we wouldn't want that, either. It seemed that every young fellow looks forward for this time to come, because he wants to help win the victory that is to be ours.

Then the day came; he was to report at his local draft board at seven-thirty. The day seemed to drag on; at last he came rushing in exclaiming that he had passed, 1-A!

He was given a twenty-day furlough. There was a great deal to be accomplished in this short time; business transactions to clear up, friends to see, and last, to have the best time he had ever had, maybe a spin around the block with his best girl, because where he was going, there wasn't much fun.

Everyone at home seemed to be walking around in a daze; it wasn't possible he was going to leave us, maybe for a year, and maybe two, but we couldn't think about that.

Finally came his last day, and the time just seemed to fly by; the next thing we knew we were driving him to the station to say our good-byes; as we drove along he seemed to be saying good-bye to all the spots sacred to his childhood.

As we drove up to the station we noticed some other boys that were going, too. We stood on the platform just dreading the time to come. Then the worst moment of all came when the conductor called, "All aboard," and the next thing we knew he was gone; it seemed the whole world had just fallen down around us, and we were standing on the platform all alone; no one else mattered. There were no tears shed; our hearts were too full of grief.

As the days passed it didn't seem as if we could ever get accustomed to his being gone. At the table there was an empty chair, and in our hearts there was an empty space.

He had been gone three days when we finally got a card saying he had reached camp and was all right; everyone felt better then, and it seemed he was somehow nearer to us.

SHIRLEY BECKWITH, '45.

A QUIET HIKE IN THE MOUNTAINS

Jake was swinging up the first slope of the mountain with long, easy strides. The trees were turning green in the warmth of early spring; the early morning air was crisp and cool. Jake had been discharged a month ago from the Marines because of a shoulder wound received in the battle of Saipan. Now he was living again in his native valley, nestled in the mountains of Vermont.

As he climbed a steeper slope, his steps shortened, and when he reached a small level shelf, he turned to look down at the houses far away at the other end of the valley. Although the mountainside was bathed in warm sunlight, the valley was still overshadowed by the great mountains towering in the east. As Jake turned to continue his climb, his eyes caught the glint of Wild River as it plunged down the mountain on its way to the lake. Down,

down, it dropped over one precipice after another, shining and flashing in the bright sunlight.

Now the climbing was beginning to get harder; he zigzagged back and forth to make the slope a little less steep. After climbing for ten minutes through a dense growth of pines and hemlocks, he reached a small opening in the trees, where he decided to stop for a little rest. The distant, blue-hazed mountains seemed very close to him; as he gazed thoughtfully at them his eyes caught the glint of the sun as it reflected from something high in the air over the valley. It seemed to be coming down lower as it approached; then Jake realized that it was a shining new bomber and that it was running on only one engine.

He turned quickly and began to scramble up the rocky slope to where he remembered there was a sort of plateau on the side of the mountain. After a gruelling, three-minute climb, he reached the edge and turned to watch the plane. Apparently the pilot had seen the comparatively level plateau, for the plane dipped down and came straight on toward the edge. From his shielded vantage point behind a pile of broken rocks, Jake watched the plane drift easily in over the plateau; however, the space was short and the plane was travelling fast.

The wheels touched, bounced, touched again, and stayed on the ground. The pilot swerved the heavy plane back and forth with the brakes screeching, in an attempt to stop. A gigantic boulder loomed up in the way, and before the pilot could turn it, the plane crumpled into the solid rock with a terrific crash.

Hardly had the plane stopped when Jake was scrambling up onto the twisted wing; smoke was pouring from one engine, and he could see that the pilot and co-pilot were both lying, unconscious over the controls. Quickly he smashed a window with a rock and then slid it open, climbed in, wrenched open the door, and carried the men to safety. Hardly had he finished, when the gas tanks exploded with a deafening roar.

In the valley, the people had seen the crippled plane attempting to land. Several men climbed into their cars or trucks and drove as far up the valley as they could. When they began climbing they were guided by the pillar of smoke and flame, spouting from the burning plane.

The local newspaper announced simply: "Crew of a wrecked plane saved by a discharged Marine."

David Knudsen, '45.

THANKSGIVING, INDEED!

Johnny Durante was a spirited youth of seventeen. He disliked the monotony of classwork a great deal; in fact, he disliked it sufficiently to leave his last year at Whitestone High and join the Navy. With tired, understanding eyes, his mother watched the train take him from Whitestone to the great world at war. With the long weeks of tiresome boot training behind, basic and advanced training only dim recollections of logarithms and isobars, and six thousand miles of blue-green ocean between himself and home, Johnny was thinking little of the coming holiday when he climbed disconsolately into his Grumman Hellcat and roared off a new aircraft carrier into the budding dawn of an early November day.

Seventy minutes and three hundred fifty miles later, he ordered his squadron to close formation and climb to thirty thousand feet. With oxygen on and superchargers functioning smoothly, they flashed through the thin air of the sub-stratosphere. With all senses alert they com-

prised a formidable formation of modern airpower. Suddenly Johnny's radio crackled spasmodically. His wing man, a wiry ex-farmer from Vermont, was talking calmly and clearly.

"There's a transport and two destroyers down there, Johnny. I just saw them through that last hole in the overcast about thirty degrees left and maybe five miles out. I think we can see them from that next break ahead, sir."

"Righto, Jim! You scoot over to give them the once over; we'll stay out of sight for awhile. See if you can spot any planes below, and watch for more destroyers. Be careful." A moment later Jim's voice again crackled out of the earphones.

"No planes, sir, but another transport behind the destroyers. Looks easy; shall we take them?" After a second's hesitation, Johnny gave the order to attack, and eighteen deadly Navy planes screamed down in an almost vertical dive at the apparently unsuspecting Jap ships. From his vantage point at the head of his squadron, Johnny estimated his distance and screamed down on the nearest destroyer. He noticed activity on the ship, but not in time. Just as tracer bullets began to flash past him, Johnny released the thousand-pound bomb which, although a fighter plane, the Hellcat can carry if necessary. As he pulled out of his dive, Johnny sensed rather than heard, the terrific explosion which followed immediately. As his senses recovered from the temporary blackout, Johnny flashed around in a vertical bank just in time to see the following plane barely miss being blown to bits by the smothering blast of the destroyer's death pyre.

"What's the idea, boss?" the lanky Irish pilot, Pete Glennon, queried. "Next time you hit the jackpot, tell me beforehand so I can get out of the way, will you?"

"I'll think about it, Pete," Johnny replied with a momentary grin. "I guess the rest of the boys are doing all right by the looks of things. Just look at that transport burn, will you? There goes Jim at the other destroyer, too. Now, a direct — oops, no, I guess it's a near miss, but near enough to scratch that Nippon in good shape. While the boys are working them over, lets you'n I go back and scratch that other transport. This ain't even going to be funny, is it?"

Streaking along at four hundred miles per hour, the three planes made for the one remaining transport, which was twisting madly in an evident attempt to dodge the imminent hail of heavy caliber bullets. Suddenly, to the Yankees' amazement, and dismay, the superstructure of the Nipponese ship lifted as if by magic from the main structure, revealing veritable clusters of heretofore hidden anti-aircraft guns. Johnny's voice rang out in a crisp command.

"Leave him alone, fellows; we'll get the big boys to scratch him for us. It's a flak ship, but a destroyer will make duck soup of him." However, even as he banked to climb away, Johnny realized that something was wrong with his plane. Smoke began to pour from his engine, and the plane lost altitude rapidly. "If I can only get behind that fog bank before I crash," he thought aloud, "maybe I'll be able to skip those yellow monkeys." With vague misgivings, Johnny guided his plane into a long ocean swell and blacked out comfortably as his head hit the instrument panel.

It seemed to him days later when the square stars ceased spinning madly in Johnny's head; he slowly realized that he had been miraculously thrown clear of the plane, which was nowhere in sight. His

Mae West had automatically been inflated, and he was floating serenely on a calm blue sea. He had no sense of hunger, but a large gash on his forehead was swollen and ached profusely. Late in the afternoon Johnny saw, from the top of a long swell, a bright yellow object floating about a half-mile to windward. He began to swim clumsily toward it, but his limbs were numbed with the cold water, and it was nearly dark before he saw it again. It was now discernable as a life raft, and the momentary glimpse he obtained startled Johnny with the realization that there was an occupant on it. With renewed energy he swam slowly toward the raft, and by the light of a pale moon he at last managed to climb upon the raft.

After he had rested, a close scrutiny revealed that his companion was none other than his flying buddy, Pete Glennon. The following morning, Pete told of how he had escaped the murderous fire of the flak ship, only to fall prey to Zeros. He had literally dragged his plane to the same fog bank that had hidden Johnny, and there had crash-landed and abandoned his sinking plane for the life raft.

The following few days were torture, but after that the flyers lost all sense of time, and lived in a continual coma. Occasional showers supplied them with fresh water, but the scorching sun and biting wind transformed their countenances beyond recognition. Long after they had lost hope of rescue they hung grimly on, subsisting on a few fish and a few ounces of water a day. One cold, grey morning, Johnny was startled out of a semi-coma by the sound of airplane motors. A few seconds later, PB 4 circled exasperatingly slow and landed near the haggard men on the raft. The huge plane taxied close and a young officer emerged from the nose turret.

A hasty transfer, and the two semi-conscious men were lying comfortably in the capacious interior of the huge patrol plane. "Sir," Johnny asked weakly, "can you tell me what day this is?"

"Yes, sir, Mate, this is Thanksgiving Day," was the prompt reply.

"Brother," Johnny came back weakly, "you just ain't a-kiddin', are you!"

Royce O'Donall, '45.

Poets Corner

VICTORY FLEET

Across the high Sierras, beyond the golden gate,
Past Hawaii's silver shores, toward the Java strait,
A transport plods its weary way through surging waves of sea,
Carrying with it hardy men who fight to make us free.

They seek a tiny island held by the hated foe,
To check their bloody slaughter, to stop their eastern flow;
All are men of courage, who drive on to the west,
And all here on the home front are sending them their best.

CHARLES O. TITUS, '45.

THE VETERAN

A ragged face unshaven,
A crop of hair unshorn,
Ragged garments on him,
A hat that's old and worn.

Eye with vanished sparkle,
Smiles for long lost joy;
Seated on a park bench
Like a homeless little boy.

His thoughts are free to wander
To days of youth long gone,
And to linger in the memory
That is and was San Juan.

"Where are you, Colonel Teddy;
I need your help again!"
He mumbles in his reverie;
Looks up and walks again.

He looks about for buddies
And always sees them there,
Astride their graceful stallions
With faces young and fair.

He wanders down a pathway,
His figure tall and straight,
Toward the far horizon,
Toward friends and past and fate.

RONALD C. MURPHY, '45.

MARY

Tall—dark—graceful,
Pretty as a picture;
So was Mary.
She was my sister.

The saints themselves came
In the night; took her away
In a golden chariot
Drawn by four white horses.

She was all aglow,
Like Diana—goddess of the moon;
The earth's loss was
Heaven's gain.

MARILYN G. WILLEY, '45.

WAR STORM

I watched the storm clouds gather,
Darkening up the sky;
I heard the wind sweep up,
Raking up the earth;
I heard the roar of thunder,
Rumbling up above;
I watched the lightning streak,
Splitting up the heavens.

Then came the rain—so comes a war—
Fearsome, awesome, leaving a path of destruction.
But with another new day, comes the sun,
And nature begins her task of reconstruction.

For all the world in peace shall be,
Keeping God's wish for eternity.

HELENE DAVIS, '45.

SAILING

Did you ever go a-sailing,
When the waves are snowy white,
And the wind is slowly waining,
And you're filled with joy and fright?

When the sails are full of God's fresh air,
And we're skimming o'er the waves,
I can think of nothing else so fair,
As sailing, while the water gently laves.

At last when the large sail sags,
And the ocean is calm again,
We return to the work that lags,
With the memories of what has been.

Some day again I shall go out there,
A-sailing on the great white waves,
With my sails full of God's fresh air,
Above the world's most honored graves.

DONALD J. CAMPBELL, '45.

THE OLD HOME

When I was growing up,
The Old Home didn't mean much to me;
Except a place to live and have fun,
It was just home then.

But when I was old enough to go to the city,
And saw the big crowds and tall buildings,
I knew it was impressive, it awed me,
But it wasn't home.

After a year I longed to come home.
Yes, I wanted to feel the presence,
Hear the familiar sounds, and greet the folks
Of the Old Home again.

As soon as I stepped out of the car,
At the long-awaited journey's end,
I didn't have to look, I didn't have to hear,
I knew that—this—was home!

As I walked under the rose-covered trellis at the front walk,
I noticed for the first time how beautiful were the flowers along the path;
They seemed to have a new fragrance and a picture of beauty
I hadn't noticed before.

And the way the house rose from the flowers and shrubs.
And the big oak trees that grew in the yard,
The barn swallows continually darting here and there in the flower gardens,
And the dog — a lazy, mouse-colored mongrel, lying on the front steps in the sun—
Yes—this was really home!

ROBERT R. GOTT, '45.

WAR SPRING

The apple trees bloom again
After the soft April rain;
But some will not see these trees,
Nor hear the sweet spring breeze.

The grass is green on the lawn;
All signs of winter are gone.
Why is it that there are those
Who ne'er will see this summer's rose?

We breathe this voiceless prayer
Every day and everywhere;
That by another spring, there'll be no more
Who leave fore'er their homeland shore.

MARJORIE D. URQUHART, '45.

VIGIL

The stars are out,
The moon is high,
The clouds are moving swiftly by.

The world below,
In silence sleeps,
While God above His vigil keeps.

All is not well,
He cannot cease,
For He is watching for eternal peace.

HELENE DAVIS, '45.

A SOLDIER'S THANKS

Standing on a hilltop,
In a distant, alien land,
An American soldier prays,
His helmet and gun in hand.

Eyes uplifted to the heavens,
His thoughts so far away,
Filled with scenes of former years,
At home — it's Thanksgiving Day.

His heart is filled with longing,
Soon the crowding memories go.
He thinks of why he's there,
His duty — his country — and lo!

Are those not the same old stars?
Is that not his God on high?
Looking back — he utters thanks,
Looking ahead — he is not afraid to die!

HELENE DAVIS, '45.

WOODS

The woods are a beautiful place,
Where myriad sounds are heard,
The trilling frogs, the noisy crows,
And the singing of many birds.

In the spring of the year, when the air is clear
Through the woods I like to roam,
And see the streaming drifts of birds,
Returning from their winter home.

The trilliums carefully inch their way,
Up through the new-thawed ground,
The pine tree is getting its fragrant coat,
And the rabbits are turning brown.

The woods in the spring are the place to go,
And spend long hours of the day,
To exchange the passing cares of the world,
For nature's eternal ways.

LEE G. DOWNS, '45.

SPRING

The long winter is past
And spring is here at last,
Welcomed by the chirping robins
And the throaty grumps of the frogs
That slowly emerge from the neighboring bogs;
The trees that proudly wear green buds
And the fields that are now soft with mud
Will soon be covered with flowers and grass,
Because — spring is here at last.

GLORIA J. GOOGINS, '45.

PINE TREES

Pine trees, with your height so
grand and your color of
green so fair,
How fondly you keep watch
over the children of the
forest as they play
beneath your fair shade!
Watching as mothers do.

You show the true nature
of being, and of living
in the serene quiet of
your surroundings.
And your beautiful music,
as you sway to keep
the rhythm of the wind,
Is the melody of life.

VIRGINIA M. HENDERSON, '45.

GOD

He's in the ocean's salty depth,
He's in its rolling, foaming waves,
He climbs the dunes of desert sand,
And echoes deep in mountainous caves.

No glacial land His spirit freezes;
No tropic heat can Him dismay;
No mountain height has yet a summit,
Where He has not cleared the way!

There is no wind without His message;
There is no star without His light;
There is no tree where He's not rooted;
There is no spirit out of His sight!

Just look around,
And you will see,
There is thy God,
Watching over thee!

HELENE DAVIS, '45.

To the following teachers, parents, friends, alumni, pupils or organizations whose loyalty, coöperation and generosity have helped to make the 1945 edition of "The Four Corners" possible, we, the members of the Editorial Staff, sincerely say, THANK YOU.

Supt. and Mrs. Frank H. B. Heald
Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Dodge
Mrs. H. W. Small
Mr. and Mrs. Horace Whipple
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Goodrich and Family
A Friend
Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Douglas and Family
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth F. Bartlett,
and Donald, David and Dana
Mr. and Mrs. Swasey and Family
Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Nielsen,
Betty and Norma
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Soule,
Mary Alice and Helen, '44
Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Urquhart
Mr. and Mrs. William Winslow and Family
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Richards and Daughter
Mr. and Mrs. James Mucci and Family
Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Willey
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Nutter
Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Perry
Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Leary
Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Browne and Family
Mr. and Mrs. Almon H. Huff,
Carleton and Mary
Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Willey,
Mr. and Mrs. George T. Seavey
Marilyn and Elwood
Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Atwood, Jr.,
and Family
Mr. and Mrs. William Robinson
A Friend
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Morse
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph K. Bennett
Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Hodgman
Mr. and Mrs. John Dougherty
Mr. and Mrs. Linwood Peacock
Mr. and Mrs. George Hannaford
Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bowley and Family
Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Durham and Arthur, '45
Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Soderberg and Children
Charles P. Bowley
Mr. and Mrs. John Harmon
Mr. and Mrs. Leon Libby and Family
Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Moulton
Mr. and Mrs. Roswell Googins, Sr.
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Jordan and Family
Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Osgood
Mr. and Mrs. Willard Frederick
Mr. and Mrs. F. Herbert Wentworth
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Morse
Mr. and Mrs. Harold W. Bennett and Family
Mr. and Mrs. William Burnham
Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Richardson
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gorman and Gracetta
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunt and Family
Mr. and Mrs. Dwight L. Libby and Mary
Mr. and Mrs. Delmar Shaw
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bowley and Beverly
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rogers and Family
Mr. and Mrs. Harken Larsen and Family,
Grand Beach, Maine

Mrs. Marion Moulton
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Burnell and Dougie
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Milliken
Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Patch and Sons
Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Nelson and Nancy
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth J. Libby and Teddy
Mr. and Mrs. Weston Snow
Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Paulsen and Bobby
Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Prout
Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Titus and Family
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Beckwith and Family
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Merrill,
Leonard and Dotty

Mr. and Mrs. Albion Hurd and Family
Mr. and Mrs. Lester E. Walker,
Helen, '45, Daisy, '45
Mr. and Mrs. Vernon R. Webber, Jr.,
and Son

Mr. and Mrs. Eldred H. Harmon
Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Swinburne and Sheila
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Frederick
Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Harmon
Mr. and Mrs. Gerald C. Hallett
Reverend and Mrs. J. N. Lello
Mr. and Mrs. Elmore Walker

To the following teachers, parents, friends, alumni, pupils or organizations whose loyalty, coöperation and generosity have helped to make the 1945 edition of "The Four Corners" possible, we, the members of the Editorial Staff, sincerely say, THANK YOU.

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Bornheimer and Family
Mr. and Mrs. Lewis J. Lunn
Mr. and Mrs. Ira Durgin and Family
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bimson
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunt and Family
Mrs. Maude Sparks
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Leavitt
Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Beckwith
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Collins and June
Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Prout and Joey
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Cocroft
Mr. and Mrs. Jack McDermott and Family
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Jordan and Family
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hooper and Family
Mr. and Mrs. John Clark
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Phair
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Skillings
Mr. and Mrs. Sam Davis and Family
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Trudeau and Ronny
Walter S. Barday and Family
Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Brim
Mr. and Mrs. John Moses
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Carr
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon G. Fielding and Family
Mr. and Mrs. Howard Mitchell
Mr. and Mrs. James Philips and Family
Mr. and Mrs. R. Leon Lary
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Burnham and Family
Mr. and Mrs. Joe Snow
Mrs. Harriet Lothrop
Mr. and Mrs. Ted Newcomb
Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Hunnewell
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Maxfield
Mrs. George Stanford and Charlotte
Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Menard
Mr. and Mrs. William Curtis and Family
Mr. and Mrs. George Woodward
Mr. and Mrs. Philip Cummings and Family
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Henderson, Virginia, '45, Harold, '47
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Welch
Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Libby
Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lothrop
Mr. and Mrs. Earl Skillings
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Gantnier
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Woodward
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hughes
Mr. and Mrs. Roland Meserve, Ardeth, '47, Marilynn, '48
Mr. and Mrs. A. Ralph Libbey
Mr. and Mrs. John A. Cunningham
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seavey
Mr. and Mrs. Chester C. Burrill
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph J. Romano
Miss Lida E. Libby
Mrs. Marion Douglass Melhman, '32
Mr. and Mrs. George Leavitt, Brent and Susan
Mr. and Mrs. Everett A. Senter, Edith and Everett, Jr.
Mrs. Edwin Burnham and Family
Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Plummer
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Jenkins
Mr. and Mrs. Owen Croteau
Mr. and Mrs. Percy Wright
Mr. and Mrs. Gardner
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wasilauskis
Mr. and Mrs. Earl Leary
Mr. and Mrs. Noah Merrill
Dr. Eben Brown
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Woodward
Mr. and Mrs. J. Harold Newcomb
Mr. and Mrs. George Stanford and Sandra
Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Baker
Mr. and Mrs. Leon C. Leavitt
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bailey and Stephen Earle
Mr. and Mrs. Ray Columbe
Dr. Philip E. Tukey
Mr. Elwood G. Bessey
Mr. Fred Latham
Mr. and Mrs. William T. Merrill and Family
Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Wyman and Family
Miss Mabel F. Storey
The Champlains

To the following teachers, parents, friends, alumni, pupils or organizations whose loyalty, coöperation and generosity have helped to make the 1945 edition of "The Four Corners" possible, we, the members of the Editorial Staff, sincerely say, THANK YOU.

Richard F. Collins, USN, and
Shirley F. Leavitt
Pfc. Kenneth S. Burnham, USMC
Mr. and Mrs. Richard M. Libby
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lorfano,
Ralph, Jr., and Billy
Scarboro High School Orchestra
Mothers' Club
Mr. William Thibeau
Miss Dorothy Clark
Mr. and Mrs. Merrill
Miss Ruth Bradbury
Miss Dorothy B. Moran
Mr. and Mrs. Chris J. Clark and Owen
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Merry
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth M. Laughton,
Normie and Ronnie
Mr. and Mrs. Warren E. Ewing and Family
Miss Anne E. Ferguson
A Friend
Ralph W. Pillsbury
Arthur Atwood
Marion Skillings, '36
Harold, Ellen and Robert Foard
Louis, Marion and Donald Larrabee
Isabelle and Donald Clark
Doris Allen, '43
Wade Harmon
Vera P. Libby
Marjorie M. Milliken, '31
Herbert L. Dolloff
Dana Murphy
Frances and Delmar Shaw, Jr.
Max Emmons
Clayton, Marion, Claty and Judy
Norman, Nancy and Lois
Bill McAuley
Gerald Sargent
Lona, Dick, Lucien and "Toots"
Seth W. Jewett
Harold Sargent
A Friend
Fred E. Skillings, Jr., '25
Priscilla Scamman, '44
Spencer—Danish Village
Everette Skillings
Leland Stanford
Irving Deering, '30
Helen Merrill
Wesley E. Varney, West Scarboro, Me.
Walter H. Senter, Pine Point, Me.
Dr. Frank Brown
Clyfton Hewes
"Sandy" Grant
Leo Gleason
Olive Jellerson, '30
Don, Virginia and Mrs. Conant
Willard Smyth
Avis Withee
Ina Knight
Gene and Marion
Joe—"BOND" Bombshell
Ruth and Beulah Baizley
Florence Merrill
Bobby, Ruthie and Junior
Russell Brackett
Eleanor Wyman, '44
Betty, '36, Martin, USN, Judy and Joyce
Lorraine, '36, Elias, USA, and Betty Jean
S. L. McDermott, Jr., USN
S/Sgt. Paul Scamman, '41, AAF, and
Pvt. James Scamman, '43, USFA
Lloyd, '42, U. S. Army
Captain Armand Jannelle
Pvt. R. Malcolm Libby, '43, USMC
Charlie, USN, and Betty, '44
Stephen E. Higgins, '41, GM 3/c
Marjorie Libby, Jr., T. A., and
Pvt. Amos Sturgeon
Pfc. Leon S. Libby, Jr., T. A., '42,
U. S. Army
"Tarzan," '43, and "Squeak," '43, USN
Henry, USN, and Irma
Beryl and Ted, USA
Pvt. Leon H. Plummer, U. S. Army
Bea, Baby Jeanne and S/Sgt. John Montieth
Lt. and Mrs. Frederic Rice
Pvt. and Mrs. Ray Collins and Family

To the following teachers, parents, friends, alumni, pupils or organizations whose loyalty, coöperation and generosity have helped to make the 1945 edition of "The Four Corners" possible, we, the members of the Editorial Staff, sincerely say, THANK YOU.

Pvt. and Mrs. Robert Deering and Marty
S 1/c and Mrs. William C. Warrick
S/Sgt. Linwood Higgins, '40
Brenton, '44, Marion, '45, and Malcolm, '48
Earl, Johnny and Jack, 1948
Elwood, '38, Gertie, '39, and Diane
Shirly I. Mills, '42
Barb and Jim
Marilla Ray
Dorothy and Ernest Turk, '35, and
Ronald and Billie
Charlene and Arthur
Warren, '41, and Betty, '43
Harold, '38, and Dexter, '33
Donald and Jean, '47
Marjorie and Ann
Joanne and David
Bill, '47, and Daisy, '45
Stub, '43, and Ruthie, '44
Bob, '39, and Wenty, ex. '44
Beckey [illegible] Henry
"Ruthie" Whipple, '43
Van, T. A., '46, and Ted, S. H. S., '46
Carroll and Pat, T. A., '45 and '46
Bill, CCI, and Freddie, S. H. S., '45
Helen, '45, and Brad, '43
Nellie, '35, and Delona, '43
Edith, '40, and Lyla, '46
Bill and Frances
Raymond, '33, and Florence, '32
Laura, '46, and Lyla, '46
Shirley and Norm
Ted, '40, Vi, '41, and Cynthia Anne
Annie and Eddy
Arlene, '44, and Selma, '40
Charlie and Bob
Ruth, '34, Irving, '34, and Elizabeth, '35
Agnes, '36, and Dana, '41
Helen, '46, and Freddy, USMC
Pat and Jimmy
Donald F., '32, and Lilly, '34
Rae, T. A., '44
Frank, '39, Clara, '41, Moses
Edith, Bill and Donna
Elva, '36, and Wayne
Johnny, '40, and Nase, '43
Joe, '45, and Don, '45
Lee and David, '45
Adelaide and Raymond
Tena, '25, and Maurice, '26
Don and Marilyn
Joan, '46, and Caroline, '42
Betty, '47, and Shirley, '45
Imogene, '37, and Jeannette, '40, Douglass
Gloria Googins, '45, and
Robert Carson, USN
Doris and Joyce Downing
Alicia, T. A., '46, and Freddie, S. H. S., '45

Lynn, '48 Betty, '48
Nonie, '48 Sunny, '47

Marion Ken Anne
THE THREE CABALLEROS

THE DOWNS
Joyce, T. A., '40 Donald
Alison, '44 Jean
Lee, '45 Glen
Pvt. Beverly, T. A., '41, USMCR

Don Elaine
THE SWEETHEARTS
Red Viv

THE PROUT'S NECKERS
Audrey, '44 Elaine, '45

Jasper Leavitt
Mr. and Mrs. Oreland Carney
and Baby David

Ensign Percy L. Knight, Jr., '38
George T. Knight, '45, QM 3/c

Lorraine, '43 Roger, AAF
Jackie, '45 Myron, USN

Betty, '47 Buster, ex. '44
Dot. '37 Gladys, '36

S/Sgt. Lloyd, '28 Pvt. Bud, '35
Neil, S 1/c, ARM, '43 Leonard, '46

Phil and Sunny
Dick and Elaine

THE CHASES
Lucille, '44 Ralph, '48
Albert, ex. '44, USMC

Don, '46 Frank, '46
Elevation Farm "Headaches"
Herb, '47 Linwood, '47

Doris, '45 Annie, '44
Mildred, '45 Gloria, '45

Tony and Juanita
WGAN — Portland — 4:30 P. M.

Ronald Murphy, President Fred Leary, Vice-President

THE STUDENT COUNCIL, 1944-1945

Marjorie D. Urquhart, Treasurer Marion Hillock, Secretary

CLASS OF 1945

Joseph J. Lorfano, Jr., President Marjorie D. Urquhart, Vice-President
Fred H. Leary, Secretary Robert R. Gott, Treasurer

CLASS OF 1946

Laura Tokarski, President Leonard Libby, Vice-President
Theodore Browne, Secretary Joan Cunningham, Treasurer

CLASS OF 1947

Gerald Smith, President Harold Henderson, Vice-President
Ardeth Meserve, Secretary Clinton W. Higgins, Treasurer

CLASS OF 1948

Joseph Newcomb, President Barbara Bornheimer, Vice-President
Wironah Bowley, Secretary Robert Ward, Treasurer

'24 '27

The Sherwoods

'45 '51

Frankie Cutie

"The Champs

Lennie Wardy

Brownski Johnny

in '45"

Compliments of

Mr. and Mrs.

Albert Knudsen

Compliments of

A Friend

Compliments of

A Friend

Compliments of

MR. AND MRS.

Harold Burnham

Page and Carolyn

Marjorie, '33 Harold, T. A., '35

THE SNOWS

Linda Cora Jean

Maryon Blackington, S. H. S., '45

Charles Spear, Jr., U. S. Maritime Service

Compliments of

Ray Littlefield

and

Family

A FRIEND

Compliments of

THE DUNSTAN SCHOOL

Mrs. Elinor Wright

Miss Dorothy Levenseller

Mrs. Ruth Dresser

Mrs. Madeline Milliken

Mrs. Irene Dodge

A FRIEND

Patronize

Our

Advertisers

Compliments of

CUMMINGS BROTHERS

Sponsors of

Nation Wide Service Grocery Stores

and

Distributors of

Stokely's Finest Canned Goods

PORTLAND, MAINE

Main Office
315 Park Avenue
Dial 2-1986

Branch Office
124 High Street
Dial 2-5871

Anthracite

PORTLAND LEHIGH FUEL CO., INC.

COAL - COKE - FUEL OILS - WOOD

HARRY F. G. HAY

JOHN W. HAY

Westbrook, Maine

A. R. BISHOP AND SON

Modern Food Market

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Hotel and Restaurant

Supplies

Telephone: 3-5683 — 3-5684

29 Forest Avenue

Portland, - - Maine

PREP HALL CLOTHES

This fine clothing for young men in High and Prep School—is styled in the authentic University manner—but is priced and tailored to fit the needs and requirements of young men 13 to 18

PREP HALL CLOTHES ARE EXCLUSIVE AT

Benoit's

Monument Square **Portland**

Compliments of

Elite Cleaners, Inc.

41 Free Street, Portland, Maine

DIAL 3-1969

SPECIALIZING IN 3-HOUR SERVICE

Compliments of

V. T. SHAW

Compliments of

EMERY SHADE CO.

4 Brown Street

Portland, - - Maine

Compliments of

FRIENDS

Compliments of

PROUT'S NECK GARAGE

VISIT

HOBBY CENTER

Portland, Maine

Clifford J. Murphy Co.

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

443 Congress Street, Portland, Maine

Dial 3-0230

Compliments of

E. PERLEY LIBBY

DR. MINOR

372 Main Street

Saco, - - Maine

GLAD GARDEN FLOWER SHOP
Renamed
THOM FLOWER SHOP
Cut Flowers, Plants, Floral Designs
266 Main St. Saco, Maine Tel. 131

JOHN H. HONAN, D. M. D.
704 Congress Street
Portland, - - Maine

BENOIT'S
HEADQUARTERS FOR GRADUATION OUTFITS
"Everything the Graduate Needs"
Westbrook, - - - Maine

Brown Construction Co.

GENERAL CONTRACTORS

Rooms 522-523 Baxter Block

562 Congress Street, Portland, Maine

Longfellow's Market

PINE POINT, MAINE

Compliments of

Ginger and Shirley's Diner

CASH CORNER

Compliments of

O. E. SHERMAN & SON

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

North Scarboro, - - Maine

GEORGE C. EDES

JENNEY SERVICE

565 Danforth Street, Portland, Maine

TRAFTON'S SHOE STORE

Westbrook, Maine

Otis S. Trafton

PLAZA RESTAURANT

Saco, Maine

Compliments of Your Old Friend

MAX L. PINANSKY

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Portland, Maine

Compliments of

BURBANK SEED COMPANY

Seed, Dairy, Poultry Supplies

Portland, Maine

COCKER SPANIEL PUPS

Red, Black, Buff and Brown

Beech Ridge Kennels

Phone — Scarboro 15-2

See Your Local Stores

FOR

Pine Tree Brand Garments

MADE IN

PORTLAND, MAINE

FOR OVER 51 YEARS

SAWYER-BARKER CO.

Portland, Maine

FOUNDED BY HENRY H. HAY 1841
HAY'S DRUG STORES
PORTLAND, MAINE
THE 3-H QUALITY MARK PROTECTS YOU

JACKSON-WHITE STUDIO
Class Photographer — 1945
PORTLAND, MAINE

Dr. Frank O. Cobb
Dentist
696 Congress Street, Portland, Maine
Dial 4-2146

Compliments of
LINGER-A-WHILE
Scarboro, Maine Telephone 165

MRS. ETHEL C. HOWATT
Representing
American Employers' Insurance Co.
NOTARY PUBLIC
Telephone — Scarboro 1

Compliments of
BERSON'S DRESS SHOPPE
875 Main Street, Westbrook, Maine

Compliments of
Mitchell's Hemstitch Shop

COLONIAL WALL PAPER CO.

PIANOS, MUSIC AND RECORDS
KEMBALL MUSIC COMPANY
14 Forest Avenue, Portland
Dial 2-5511

Compliments of

CASCADE LODGE AND CABINS

Chicken, Steak and Shore Dinners

SACO, MAINE

Telephone Dial 3-1636

FRANK H. PLUMMER CHARLES C. PLUMMER

F. H. & C. C. PLUMMER

General Insurance

210 MIDDLE STREET, FALMOUTH HOTEL BUILDING

PORTLAND, MAINE

"Drop In and See Us"

The CASCO BANK
AND TRUST COMPANY
PORTLAND, MAINE
BRIDGTON BUCKFIELD FRYEBURG LIMERICK
SOUTH PARIS SOUTH PORTLAND WEST BUXTON
WOODFORDS
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

CAROLYN'S
599 Congress Street, Portland, Maine
Phone 3-2700
Coats, Dresses, Lingerie, Sportswear

KEN'S PLACE
FRIED CLAMS — CLAM CAKES
SOFT DRINKS — ICE CREAM
Pine Point Road - - Scarboro, Maine

Compliments of
THE FLOWER SHOP
47 Oak Street - - Portland, Maine

PERCY'S PHARMACY
PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST
256 Main Street, Saco, Maine
Phone 508

CLARKE & CLARKE
Bakers
796 Congress Street
Portland 4, Maine

Compliments of
"Sterling Quality"
Seeds
Allen, Sterling & Lothrop

Thurston & Bayley
Wholesale - Retail Dealers
in Clams
Pine Point Tel. 290

A. M. & G. T. Pillsbury
Civil Engineers

George Elliott Company

Fine Watches - Diamonds

JEWELRY and GIFTS

24 Forest Avenue, Portland, Maine

Compliments of

HARPER GRAIN COMPANY

Saco, Maine

Telephone - Gorham 2025

ADRIAN G. HILLOCK

WELL DRILLING

Residence, North Scarboro, Me.

Post Office, R. F. D. 1, Westbrook, Me.

Compliments of

Gabrielle's Beauty Salon

Biddeford, Maine

Compliments of

EMERY MOODY

CUT FLOWERS AND PLANTS

Scarboro Beach, Maine

When in need of shoes repaired go to

O'NEIL'S

Foot Specialist—All Kinds of Orthopedic Work

A. I. Cropley, Prop. 58 Free St., Portland, Me.

Biddeford Furniture Store

We Buy All You Have to Sell
and Sell You All You Need to Buy
318 Main St. — Tel. 2340 — Biddeford, Me.

York County Savings Bank

City Building, Biddeford, Maine

MORTGAGE LOANS

SAVINGS - DEPOSITS

Christmas, Vacation and Tax Clubs

Fred M. Newcomb & Son

Groceries and

General Merchandise

Scarboro Beach

IT PAYS TO LOOK WELL

BILL THE BARBER

36 Free Street, Portland, Maine

NUTTER'S DEPT. STORE

840 Main Street, Westbrook, Maine

Telephone 315

THE MEN'S SHOP, INC.

APPAREL FOR MEN AND BOYS

874 Main Street, Westbrook, Maine

Compliments of

Dr. Theresa D. LaFountain

Biddeford, Maine

THE MAINE SAVINGS BANK

Has Been Accepting Savings For 86 Years

IT WELCOMES YOUR ACCOUNT

Main Office
244 Middle Street

Branch Office
23-25 Casco Street

Compliments of

Smiley's
GRANT-KNOWLES

G-K

Portland, Maine

PORTLAND, MAINE

THE RED AND WHITE STORE AT OAK HILL

Meats, Fruits, Vegetables and Groceries

WILLIAM PETERSON AND SON

HOGAN BROS.

"Under-Grad Shop"

Portland, Maine

SMART APPAREL FOR YOUNG MEN

Dupré's Jewelry Store

161 Main Street, Biddeford

Where Quality is Always the Highest

The Price . . . the Lowest

Farmer's Feed & Supply Company
POULTRY EQUIPMENT
Park & Pollard Feeds
Fertilizer - Seeds
322 Commercial St., Portland, Maine

OUR 76th YEAR
Loring, Short & Harmon
Stationers and Book Dealers
Monument Square, Portland, Maine

BENNY'S MARKET
940 Congress Street
Portland, - - Maine

Compliments of
L. W. KNIGHT
Hardware, Paint, Sporting Goods
885 Main Street, Westbrook, Maine

STULTZ AUTO SUPPLY
Chas. T. Stultz, Prop.
RADIOS — SPORTING GOODS
Paints — Garden Supplies
Tel. 742 817 Main Street, Westbrook

Residence 2172 Store 1034-W
PAUL LAMOTHE CO.
HOUSE FURNISHERS
Established in 1911
262 Main Street Biddeford, Maine

E. S. PENDEXTER
OPTOMETRIST
562 Congress Street, Portland, Maine

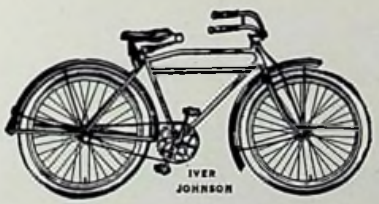
Compliments of
VOSE-SMITH
FLORISTS
646 Congress Street

Compliments of
Finks Bros. Shoe Repairing Co.
254 Middle Street, Portland, Maine

Len Libby's Candy Shop
Scarboro, Maine
Dial 4-5739

IVER JOHNSON BICYCLES
34 Casco Street, Portland, Maine — Near Cumberland Avenue

Edw. G. Haggett
EXPERIENCED
REPAIR OF
BICYCLES



COINS AND
STAMPS FOR
COLLECTIONS

RICHARD GRANT

— Contracting —

TRUCKING AND SHOVEL WORK

LOAM, SAND, GRAVEL, FILL

West Scarboro, Maine — Tel. Scarboro 15-21

OAKHURST DAIRY

Milk and Cream

364 FOREST AVENUE — PORTLAND, MAINE

Hood's Drug Store

H. Leroy Welch, Prop.

Tel. Westbrook 300

864 Main Street, Westbrook, Maine

Woodfords Hardware and Plumbers' Supply Co.

Hardware, Paints, Wall Paper and Plumbing Supplies

WOODFORDS CORNER — DIAL 4-2604

Compliments of

SHAW'S

Doughnut Shop

Compliments of

Highway Service Station

West Scarboro, Maine

Route 1 — Tel. 147

Compliments of

McIntire Shell Station

190 Main Street, South Portland

SPECIALIZED LUBRICATION

and

FRIENDLY SERVICE

Compliments of

Company D Scarboro 1st Battalion

Maine State Guard

"Dirigo"

Up-To-Date Small Store

States Hi-Way Store

Main Street South Portland

Compliments of

FRIENDS

Louis E. Crockett

LANDSCAPE PLANNING AND PLANTING SERVICE

Hardy Perennials

Rock Garden Plants

Annual Seedlings

West Scarboro, Maine Tel. 63-2

Congratulations to Graduates of the Class of 1945

May Your Accomplishments Help to Make This World of Ours a Better Place in Which to Live

L. C. ANDREW

Lumber and Building Materials

SOUTH WINDHAM, MAINE

Compliments of

WESTBROOK STAR LAUNDRY

HOOPER'S

Home, Hotel & Institution Outfitters

238 Middle Street, Portland, Maine

One Dollar allowed on this ad for any purchase amounting to ten dollars

---

Compliments of

PURITAN TEA ROOM

RICHARD'S

Jewelry

W. E. (Bill) OFFENBERG

Manager

614a Congress St., Portland, Maine

Compliments of

LaFOND AND COMPANY

854 Main Street, Westbrook, Maine

Westbrook Farmers' Union

DEALERS IN

GRAIN, ROOFING and CEMENT

HAY and POULTRY SUPPLIES

Compliments of

Warren Furniture Company

869 Main Street, Westbrook

Victor and Columbia Records

Compliments of

Pleasant Hill Nurseries

FRIENDLY SERVICE — COMPLETE LUBRICATION

H. W. MORSE

DEALER OF

Socony Products

684 Main St., South Portland, Maine

CLEAN REST ROOMS

HENRY D. GOOLD

TEXACO SERVICE

Dunstan

Compliments of

Dr. Ralph M. Whitney

DENTIST

839 Main Street, Westbrook, Maine

Compliments of

SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.

Compliments of

PORTEOUS, MITCHELL & BRAUN COMPANY

BEST WISHES TO

CLASS OF 1945

McKenney & Heard

Hardware

Biddeford, Maine

Gifts For The Graduate

J. A. Merrill & Co., Inc.

JEWELERS SINCE 1851

Portland

Compliments of

CARR'S SHOE STORE

3-7 Bridge Street **Westbrook, Maine**

J. K. BALOMENOS

922 Congress Street, Portland, Maine

FIRST CLASS SHOE REPAIRING

Compliments of

E. K. RACE

GAS and OIL

Compliments of

KENNETH WALSH, INC.

Eastland Hotel - - Portland, Maine

Compliments of

Tucker's Red & White Store

20 Washington Avenue

Old Orchard Beach, Maine

THE CORNER SHOP

662 Congress Street, Portland, Maine

TWEEDS - SPORTS CLOTHES

M. F. Bragdon Paint Co.

PAINTING MATERIALS

WALL PAPERS

JANITORS' SUPPLIES

47 Exchange Street, Portland, Maine

Phone 3-7239

Pictures and Picture Framing
Our Specialty

Robertson's Picture & Gift Shop

23 Forest Avenue, Portland, Maine

Compliments of

MERRILL'S LUNCH

ELDEN MERRILL, Prop.

57 Oak Street, - Portland, Maine

Compliments of

FIRST NATIONAL STORE

W. P. COOK, Mgr.

Thornton Heights

DAY'S JEWELRY STORE

Credit Jewelers - Opticians

489 Congress Street, Portland, Maine

Telephone 2-2863

ARTS and CRAFTS

"Something for Someone"

DAISY E. LARRABEE

Scarboro Beach, Maine

G. A. CARTER & CO.

General Insurance

258 Main Street

SACO

Telephone 950-W

LET SCHOOL DAYS

Develop into College Days by saving
for this important period

Saco and Biddeford Savings Institution

The Oldest Mutual Savings Bank in Maine

BUY WAR BONDS AND SAVINGS STAMPS HERE

Compliments of

PLUMMER'S INSURANCE AGENCY

"Over 56 Years of Efficient Insurance Service"

480 CONGRESS STREET — PORTLAND, MAINE

Dial 3-3838

MARKSON BROS.

Clothiers

TO MEN AND WOMEN

500 Congress Street, Portland, Maine

George T Springer Co.

Jewelers

515 Congress Street

Portland, - - Maine

Compliments of

THE LODGES

PORTLAND LUMBER COMPANY

MAINE MEMORIAL COMPANY

220 MAIN STREET

SOUTH PORTLAND, MAINE

Compliments of

HOWARD'S STORE

Eight Corners **Scarboro, Maine**

Compliments of

Charles O. Libbey and

Harry R. Libbey

MARKET GARDENING

Compliments of

SAM'S PLACE

Scarboro

ALWAYS ASK FOR

Mrs. McLain's Homemade Doughnuts

Mrs. McLain's Doughnut Shop

261 St. John Street, Portland, Maine

MADEMOISELLE SHOP

Apparel and Accessories for Ladies and Juniors

Specializing in

Surgical and Style Foundations

145 High Street, Portland, Maine

Phone 2-4532

Dr. E. P. Blanchard

Dr. N. K. Blanchard

DENTISTS

10 Congress Square, Portland, Maine

FRED ROWE CO.

EVERYTHING A MAN WEARS

Saco, Maine

Compliments of

REED MOTOR COMPANY

Saco, Maine

GEORGE J. HENRY

Funeral Home

South Portland, Maine — Telephone 4-2606

CONROY'S BY THE SEA

Hotel and Dining Room

PINE POINT — MAINE

Dunstan Service Station

TYDOL PRODUCTS

and

KELLY SPRINGFIELD TIRES

K. F. Bartlett, Prop.

Compliments of

Laurence Harmon Ice Company

HIGGINS BEACH, MAINE

Tick Tock Jewelry Shop
Jewelers
WATCHES, DIAMONDS
and JEWELRY
— GIFTS —
874a Main Street, Westbrook, Maine
M. L. Royal Tel. 961

Compliments of
Richardson, Dana
and Company
PORTLAND, MAINE

Compliments of
CUDAHY PACKING COMPANY

GEORGE E. TAYLOR, Ph. G.
Registered Pharmacist
Thornton Heights — 563 Main Street
Telephone 4-5436 South Portland, Maine

Compliments of
MALONEY'S STORE
Cigars, Cigarettes and Candy
Pleasant Hill Road, Scarboro

Compliments of
MRS. RALPH CUSACK
BABIES TO BOARD

SANTA LUCIA
DINE and DANCE
5270 Scarboro

Compliments of
THE TARRY-A-WHILE

Compliments of

TOM'S RESTAURANT

863 MAIN STREET WESTBROOK, MAINE

Compliments of

OWEN, MOORE & CO.

PORTLAND, MAINE

Apparel and Accessories
for Women and Children

Compliments of

JORDAN'S

Jordan's
READY TO EAT MEATS
MADE IN MAINE
131-133 Commercial St.
PORTLAND
MAINE

There Is No Substitute for Quality

Compliments of

COOK & COMPANY

Sand and Gravel

Compliments of

THE RIDING CLUB

Pres., Fred Leary

Vice Pres., Maryon Blackington

Secy.-Treas., Charlene Sherwood

Compliments of

YORK ELECTRICAL COMPANY

Electrical Construction

Supplies and Fixtures

222 MIDDLE STREET PORTLAND 3, MAINE

B. & C. BEEF CO.

Wholesale

Beef, Veal, Lamb, Pork and Poultry

ALSO BUYERS IN LIVESTOCK

34-36 MARKET STREET

PORTLAND 3, MAINE

Mrs. Ella W. Parker, President Mrs. Willette Heald, Vice-President

Compliments of

SCARBORO CIVIC LEAGUE

"WE BACK EVERY GOOD CAUSE"

Mrs. Thelma Soyias, Secretary Mrs. Amy H. King, Treasurer

MUTUAL OIL COMPANY, INC.

59 Main Street — South Portland, Maine

Telephone 3-1262

Distributors of Richfield Gasoline and Heating Oils

Compliments of

THE WHITE ANIMAL FARM

Pets, Miniature Zoo, Lab. Animals

PINE POINT, — MAINE

RED & WHITE STORE

For Fine Foods

C. F. BRADFORD

West Scarboro, Maine

Geo. E. Morrison & Son

Cemetery Memorials

222 Main St., South Portland, Maine

On State Highway Route No. 1

Telephone 4-3824

ARTHUR H. SNOW

Tar and Asphalt

FOR

ROADS AND DRIVEWAYS

Scarboro, Maine

Compliments of

HIGGINS INN

HIGGINS BEACH, MAINE

Established 1856 Formerly Twambley's

ADRIEN R. LEVASSEUR

Watchmaker and Jeweler

Masonic Building

264 Main Street, Saco, Maine

Telephone 224

Compliments of

DR. P. J. HAIGIS

Osteopathic Physician

West Scarboro, Maine

Tel. 303 Hours: 1-3, 7-9

MARY & BOB'S LOG CABIN

FAMOUS FOR

Italian Sandwiches and Hamburgers

Route 1 **Scarboro**

Compliments of

GORHAM SAVINGS BANK

GORHAM, MAINE

Compliments of

THE NEW YORK CLUB

Pres., Charles Titus

Vice Pres., Ronald Murphy

Secy., Fred Leary

Treas., Robert Gott

ATKINSON'S

Quality Furniture

Telephone 330

209 Main Street, Saco

Compliments of

DR. DONALD SKILLING

OLD ORCHARD BEACH **MAINE**

Compliments of

F. H. Snow Canning Company, Inc.

PINE POINT, MAINE

PHONE 2-2172
HARRY RAEBURN
COSTUMER
COSTUMES, WIGS AND MAKE-UP
562 Congress Street Portland, Maine

H. B. KENDRICK & CO.
254 Main Street, Saco, Maine
COSTUME JEWELRY
Greeting Cards For All Occasions

Compliments of
Thornton Heights Market
Paul A. Davis
561 Main Street, South Portland

Compliments of
Howard Johnson's Restaurant
Route 1 — South Portland

GUS'S BARBER SHOP
10 Fitch Street
Westbrook, - Maine

Compliments of
NORMAN THURSTON
JERSEY MILK AND CREAM

Compliments of
KING COLE FOODS, INC.
607 Main Street, South Portland
Telephone Portland 2-2040

Tire Us With Your Tire Troubles
"GENERAL TIRES"
LEE'S
40 Washington Street, Biddeford, Maine

IONE TOURIST HOME
BATH AND HOT SHOWERS
Route 1 — Scarboro
Florence Sprague, Prop.

ADA G. LITTLEJOHN
DRESSMAKER
Route 1 — Saco, Maine
Tel. Biddeford 895-3

CLARK & WILDER
General Auto Repairing
GAS - OIL - GREASE - ACCESSORIES
1124 Broadway, Cash Corner, South Portland, Me.

EDWARD E. JONES
TRUCKING
Wood - Slabs - Sand - Gravel - Loam - Fill
West Scarboro, Maine — Tel. 171-4

"For Flowers That Last"
MINOTT'S
Portland — South Portland

L. G. BALFOUR COMPANY

ATTLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS

Class Rings and Pins

Commencement Invitations

Diplomas — Personal Cards

Represented by — DONALD B. TUPPER

11 Westview Road

Cape Elizabeth, Maine

Raisers of Choice Pigs

ALBERT AND BEATRICE GANTNIER

Broad Turn Road

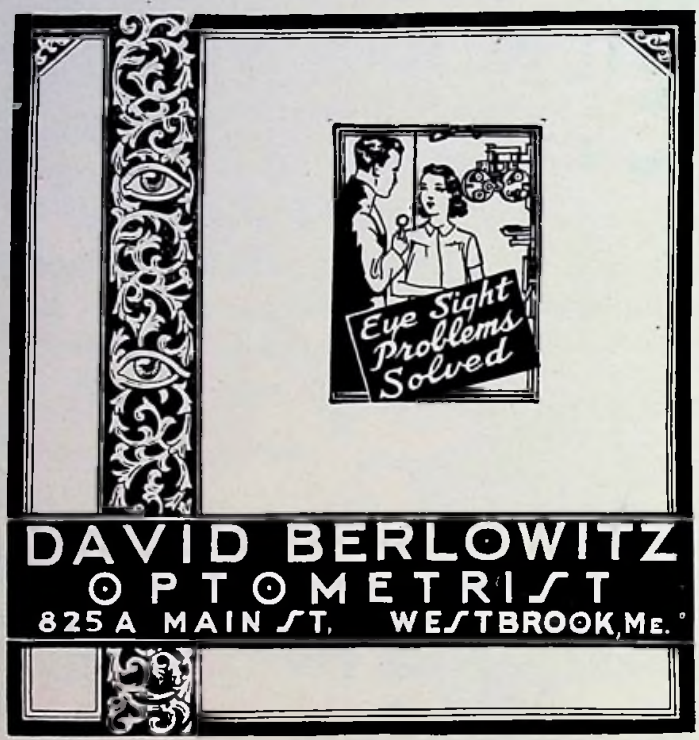
West Scarboro, Maine Telephone 164-3

Compliments of

MR. AND MRS. W. J. FIELDING

Beauty Rest Camps

Route 1 Scarboro, Maine Tel. 4-5649



DAVID BERLOWITZ
OPTOMETRIST
825A MAIN ST. WESTBROOK, ME.

Printing . . .

CORNISH, MAINE

THE BETTER KIND

- Commercial Printing
- School Publications
- Camp Booklets

The Webb-Smith Printing Co.

We made the Engravings for the
FOUR CORNERS

BLACK POINT COAL CO.

Dealers in High Grade Coal

AGENTS FOR NEW ENGLAND COKE

Prompt Service — Your Patronage Solicited

Telephone: 14-12 — Scarboro — 173-11

Portland, Maine

LUND'S DAIRY

"Good Luck to the Class of '45"

HARMON C. CROCKER

Linotyper of

"The Four Corners"

394 Fore Street, Portland, Maine

LaCHANCE

Cut Rate Drugs

870 Main Street, Westbrook, Maine

PRESCRIPTIONS AND

VITAMIN SERVICE

Telephone 1192

Autographs

Autographs

1.00